

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 14.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 6, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commodore.

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THE STORY OF A CRIME.



Crime is a hideous word, and once the name of criminal is given to a man, he is branded like Cain and becomes a vagabond upon the earth; and yet many a crime was no more premeditated than the one told by our picture. A friendly game, passions of greed aroused to depths unknown before, money lost that was not his own, regret, attack, a stab—and there lies a former friend in his blood.

What does Jeremiah say?
"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

Alas! many a man, who thought himself above temptation, found himself surprised and overthrown by suddenly-awakened passions that have lain

sleeping in the heart until at the given opportunity, hell aroused them.

It is folly to trust in one's own good resolution only, for such trust blinds one to the snares of the enemy, and brings sure disaster. The devil is always laying in ambush for such fools, whose fabric of fine teachings and excellent opinion of their own righteousness and good sense to resist all proper impulses, go down like a house of cards when the first pinch of poverty, or envy, or jealousy, or hatred, grips them unsuspectingly.

The good old book says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and we might transcribe this with profit into, "Trust in the Lord is the beginning of victory." There is no vic-

tory—no permanent victory—without the help of the Lord.

If we separate ourselves from evil by seeking forgiveness for our past sins, with a broken and a contrite heart, we shall find the pardon of God through Jesus Christ, and we have laid then the proper foundation for a successful life. If we then continue in the fear of the Lord, we shall know no defeat. It is in the Lord's interest that His side should win, and He will see to it that you and I come off victors in every battle we have with evil and wrong.

Cease, then, young men, to boast in yourself and your strength, and seek the shelter of the Omnipotent Arm, able to save and to keep, ere the arm

of sin grips you and extracts an unrelenting service. "The way of the transgressor is hard," and while its entrance is wide and enticing, it soon narrows, and becomes "a hedge of thorns," resisting every attempt of its patrons to break away from it. Of your own free will, indeed, you may choose to enter, but you are subject to the dictates of sin afterwards.

Long in the darkness than hast stray
Away from joy and peace:
Thou hast these worldly pleasures
But found them soon to cease

Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou may'st be;
Oh, listen to the joyful sound
There's mercy still for thee!



Australasia — Revisited

OR,
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE END.

Commissioner Pollard, of the International Headquarters is at his desk. We caught a glimpse of him at the opposite side of the street as a junior clerk, with London at his feet, with its ten thousand snarls and pitfalls; we leave him for the moment, in the same city, at the Headquarters of the Salvation Empire. We found him on the verge of a moral whirlwind; we leave him in the midst of a spiritual cauldron of activity, eyes and ears to the Chief of the Staff, a vigilant observer of the times, a perfect Trojan of industry, a devotee of the world-wide interests of the Army, and, best of all, a man of strong, sterling principle, trusted and honored, and still young.

Confirmation.

Three things have occurred since these "Ups and Downs" were started to confirm the hopes we cherished as to the Army's future in Australasia. The first we have already alluded to, namely, the colossal undertakings of the Army in every colony for grappling with the social and spiritual miseries of the people. If, when Commandant Herbert Booth took over the command of our forces, the various Governments were justified in acknowledging the Social operations of the Army as valuable permanent auxiliaries to the moral and spiritual welfare of the state, what should be their attitude to-day, when we are informed that these very agencies are being multiplied in every direction, and that without any municipal or philanthropic endowments? The credit and vitality which these developments show may well encourage the most pessimistic as to the future.

Results.

Then the permanent results—we do not like to call them spiritual—for all our work is spiritual—of the General's campaign have been tabulated, and are pregnant with suggestion. They show that from the names taken down as the penitent forms 365 soldiers were added to the Australian Roll, and hundreds volunteered for officership. This total is not only a splendid repayment for the time, labor and money put into the campaign, but a distinct, definite indication of a new principle for estimating success. The General, in one of his "Reflections," stated that he no longer gauges the value of the work he does at a corps by the number of penitents, freedom and incarceration as they are, but by the proportion of the penitents who, within a reasonable time, become enrolled, devoted and active soldiers of Jesus Christ. Judged by the new principle, Commissioner Pollard believes that the General's visit to Australasia sounds a bugle-call to each Field and Staff Officer to be dissatisfied with anything that does not come up to this standard. Evangelism and revival of the last half century have shown how comparatively easy special services may lead to public professions of faith and belief without any corresponding addition to the militant forces of the Church of Christ. It has ever been an axiom with us that the true test of soldiery is service, or, in other words, that faith is best proclaimed by works. But with our light, and all our organization, we have not dared, as the General has so nobly done of late, to count first soldiery, and then conversion. Australasia leads the way.

Self-Denial.

And, lastly, a justification for all we have written in this column with reference to the past and present position of our forces in Australasia comes to hand as we close our review. In the announcement that the week of Prayer and Self-Denial throughout the colonies resulted in a financial offering of £27,000.

The British Empire is palpitating with the unbelieved excitement associated with a great war. Her Colonies,

like children, have gathered round the throne of Queen Victoria, and poured into her lap some of the choicest treasures in flesh and blood. And under the glowing sand of South Africa, and its red, semi-barren veldt, these treasures are being spent for asserting the supremacy of the British Empire. Not a surname is being heard through the borders of the Empire; Parliament, with scarcely a dissenting voice, has voted millions, and "dukes' sons and cooks' sons" have rushed to the front, regardless of life or death, and the plaudits of the crowd are heard on every hand. But, without disparaging national and imperial patriotism, or venturing an opinion as to the rightness or wrongness of the horrible war, may we not, as a people, rejoice that we remember, more than ever, the needs of the world, the cry of the despairing, the miseries of the outcast, the lamentations of the oppressed, the superstition of the heathen, and the crimes of the dejected and sunken classes and castes in all lands, and go forward with our work of deliverance and salvation?

Australasia's £27,000 is, we say again, a fitting seal upon our brief record of the deeds of salvation during these sunny lands, and a triumphant vindication of the faith that sent young George Pollard and Ted Wright to unbind the Blood and Fire of the fifteen years ago in the Islands of New Zealand. A. M. N.

THE ENDS.

TWO JAMAICAN GIRLS.

How They Obeyed God and Had to
Disobey Their Mother.

Florence and Ella are two black girls, belonging to Bluefields District, in Jamaica. They are aged 23 and 18 years respectively, and have both been trained to become Moravian school-mistresses.

When Commissioner Rallison visited us in August last, he acted as a witness at the penitential form and got saved. She thereupon felt that God called her to be an Army officer. This so aroused the ire of her mother, when she heard it, that she threatened to beat her, and drove her from home one dark, rainy night. A Salvationist offered her a shelter, although threatened with an action at law for doing so. Florence became a soldier, and has since applied and been accepted for the Field. She is to go out this coming month.

Ella was as much opposed to her sister as the mother was, and would pass her without speaking. But the Lord has performed a modern miracle upon her. Glory be to His name! On Sunday, although sent to the Moravian Church, she was seen at our meeting, to the surprise of everybody, weeping on account of her sins. She was not long in making a complete surrender, and in claiming and receiving pardon through the Blood, and then she asked for a piece of Army ribbon, pinned it on, and boldly said in the thrilling testimony she gave that God had called her, not only to be a soldier, but to be an officer in the Salvation Army!

As can be imagined, Satan was not long in posting this piece of news to her mother, who came to look for her with a stick of wood in her hand, to "smack the salvation out of her." Ella ran and hid herself in our house, but on her wife's intervention, the mother promised not to punish her, so they went home together.

The following letter from Ella to her sister Florence has briefly been copied into the books of heaven, and glorified God more than many a theological discourse. It was never intended for the eyes of any but the one to whom it was sent, but since it comes red-hot from the seat of war, the War Cry will probably know what to do with it:

And Ayre, Nov. 21st, 1899.

My Dear and Loving Sister—

This is to tell you of the sufferings I am undergoing. I have taken up my cross and I am truly bearing it; but as you live, and your life is not taken by him, I shall live also. Last night my only help and comfort was the Lord, and I mean to hold on to Him until my days are ended, when I shall wear my crown. Mother (it seems) does not care if I lose my soul,

She says, What was I doing all the time that I did not go to God? I am only telling lies and following others. She says you first started, then I followed. I tell her that I am glad you did not show me the wrong way. She began to tell me of my former opposition to the Army. I said to her, "Yes, all is past, and the Lord has washed my sins in the ocean of His forgetfulness." She also says she will never cease until she gets the Adjutant and write to hate me, and not me out of the Army. I tell her that whilst they did not hear her sayings against you, they will not hear them against me, because they are God's people. She also says that she will not maintain me any more; but I tell her that He Who maintains the birds of the air will maintain me also. She said God will not come down on earth to help me. These are my words to her. "He will send me help." Ah, Florence, I don't think when you began to follow Christ you had such trouble as poor Ella. With tears in my eyes I am singing—

"I am leaning, dear Jesus, on Thee."

Pray for me, Florence, that I may become a hold soldier for God. He you. Once upon a time I was ignorant and giddy, serving the devil and not thinking of my soul, but the Lord, in His tender mercy, has washed my heart in His Blood. Praise the Lord, I am now a converted child into Him! You know mother, Florence, how she is against the Army. I was once against it also, but now I do not know if there is one who loves it as I do. She says that I am not yet a woman, and cannot join where I have a mind to; but I am going to tell her that I can't obey her in this, for I must obey God. Who has shown me where to join. Good-bye, dear sister, pray for me. Yours, in Jesus' name, Ella.

Two hours after this letter was written my wife sent an express messenger to invite the mother and daughter to attend the night meeting. They came, and after Florence and Ella had both given their testimonies, the mother surrendered to God, and was soon rejoicing in His love; and then she began to plead for others, and in her prayer said the Lord we were willing to wait all night, if souls would only come and seek salvation.

Who will say, after reading these facts, that the age of miracles is past, or that anything is too hard for God?—Adj. Phillips.

Sermons in Sentences

Poetry is the music of a life at rest in God.

Love is the greatest power in the universe.

Devotion to God is always tested by temptation.

Words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools.

Faith in Christ is finding one's rightful place as a child of God.

Bend your knees to God, but put your shoulder to the wheel.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.

The praise that comes of love does not make us vain, but humble rather.

Let us so live when we are up, that we shall forget we have ever been down.

The most delicate, the most generous of all resources consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

The blessed work of helping the world forward, hardly, does not wait to be done by perfect men.

Covetous ambition, thinking all too little of what presently it bears, can scarcely itself stand in need of all which it hath not.

It is not the people who are helping the world who are pessimistic over the condition of things, it is the ill-lookers.—M. J. Savage.

A great deal depends upon a man's courage when he is slandered and traduced. Weak men are crushed by detraction, but the brave hold on and succeed.—H. S. Stevens.

Every soul has characteristics not revealed until illuminated by the searchlights which life throws over its most secret recesses—sometimes brought forth by great sorrow, sometimes only through great happiness.

Each man and woman was sent into the world not to be like somebody else, but to do his own work, and to bear his own burden; precisely the one work which God has given him, and which never can be given to or done by any other.

Themes for Thoughts.

A Life Worth Living.

A life of virtue is a life of health, self-control leads to self-development on higher planes. Patient battling against lower lusts ends in assured victory. To one man, and to one only, is the worth living, and that man is he who resolves on nothing less than perfection of the body, mind, and soul.

Sharing Happiness.

There is no greater mistake than that made by the man who is selfishly seeking any kind of happiness at the expense of others. If he search for it through his whole life he will never find it. To diminish the welfare of his neighbors will add no rate to his own store. On the contrary, happiness increases as it is shared, and diminishes as it is selfishly grasped.

Your Own Heir

The value of the present is not merely a present but an eternal value. What we do to-day largely determines what we shall do to-morrow, and what we are to-morrow largely determines what we shall do. It has been significantly said that "every man is his own ancestor, and every man is his heir." The present cannot be dismissed with the idea that it is a completed thing.

Vested Interests.

There is one form of vested interest which we should be glad to believe is every year more freely acknowledged—our interest in one another's welfare. Our lives and liberties, our joys and sorrows, are entwined together in one web that no hand can disentangle. Happy it is for the man, the class, the nation, who can say, "This law of solidarity, of inter-dependence, we will carry not as a cross, but as a crown." There are but two great things done in this universe—the Kingdom of Self, and the Kingdom of God. The vested interests of the former lie in receiving; in the latter, of giving. The one is the kingdom of lust; the other of love.

The Fakir was Right.

A story is told of an Indian fakir who entered an Eastern palace and spread his bed in one of its ante-chambers, pretending that he had mistaken the building for a caravanserai or inn. The prince, amused by the oddity of the circumstance, ordered, so ran the tale, the man to be brought before him, and asked him how he came to make such a mistake.

"What is an inn?" the fakir asked. "A place," was the reply, "where travellers rest a while before proceeding on their journey."

"Who dwelt here before you?" again asked the fakir.

"My father," was the prince's reply.

"And did he remain here?"

"No," was the answer; "he died and went away."

"And who dwelt here before him?"

"His ancestors."

"And did they remain here?"

"No; they also died and went away."

"Then," rejoined the fakir, "I have made no mistake, for your palace is but an inn after all."

The fakir was right. Our houses are but inns, and the whole world a caravanserai.

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By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

CHAPTER I.

RALPH—you will be glad
 to your mother. I leave
 her to your care. You
 must be both son—and—
 husband when I am
 gone.

The speaker was a dy-
 ing man. He lay slightly
 raised up with pillows; his face pallid
 and pinched with the approach of death.
 He was addressing a boy of about six-
 teen, who stood by the bedside, sobbing
 as though his heart would burst with
 the weight of feeling which oppressed it.

Sitting on a chair, her face buried in
 her handkerchief, which she held with
 both hands, while she swayed slowly to
 and fro as though in pain, was a mid-
 dle-aged woman.

The dying man was Mr. Conway.
 The boy was his only son, Ralph.
 The weeping woman was the soon-to-be-
 widowed mother of the boy.

Young Ralph could scarcely speak in
 reply, but, with a great effort, he at
 last ejaculated, "I will, father." A
 pained expression flitted over the fea-
 tures of the dying man. Then he lay
 still.

For a time the eyes closed, and, save
 for the subdued sobbing no sound was
 heard, only the elder man pressed the
 boy's hand.

Then again the eyes opened and the
 lips moved.

Young Ralph listened.
 "My-boy," gasped the white lips,
 never-tongue—the drink."

The gasped-out words, though not
 much above a whisper, sounded startlingly
 by distinct.

Ralph, full of a fine ambition to play
 the man, when he was left alone with
 his mother, said, "I never will." As the
 last glimmers of golden light faded away
 in the grey of the approaching night, Ralph
 Conway, the elder, passed to that
 "bourn" from whence no traveller
 returns," and Mrs. Conway, leaning heav-
 ily on the bed who seemed to have as-
 sumed manhood at a hand, after a
 long, long look at the motionless waxen
 features on the pillow, waited slowly
 from the chamber of the dead.

CHAPTER II.

"Say, Ralph, old man, came out with
 us to a private affair we have on to-
 night—champagne, and lots of fun—all
 very select. Don't say no."

"I am sorry to refuse your invitation,
 but I can't come," replied Ralph. "Please
 have me excused."

Such was the conversation which passed,
 one Saturday, between two of the
 apprentices employed in the large firm
 of Sforth & Sons, architects, in the
 thriving city of Binasford, and one of the
 two was Ralph Conway. At the time
 this conversation took place Ralph had
 only been in the office of the firm a few
 months. After the death of his father,
 the boy set himself resolutely to fulfill
 the promise he had made, and insisted on
 learning a profession so that he could
 be to his mother a husband, as well as
 a son.

It was Mrs. Conway's pride to see her
 tall, handsome son every morning stir-
 ring off bright and early to the office,
 and often his good-bye kiss lingered with
 her, and helped solve, somewhat, the
 wound she had had in her heart over
 the loss of her husband's rigid in death.

Unfortunately for her, and her son,
 there were some young men in the firm
 of Sforth & Sons who had become in-
 volved into companionship with a set
 of fast fellows of the city, who, al-
 though they were the sons of eminently

respectable families, and kept their dis-
 position hidden from the public gaze,
 were having what they termed "high
 jinks," and more than one mother's
 heart was filled with an ache that it had
 been a stranger to till the owner thereof
 noticed her son's untimely gait when he
 pushed his way through the door after
 all was quiet, and when it was near mid-
 night. Consequently Ralph Conway
 came into contact with influences which
 very soon tested the strength of his
 purpose to adhere to the promises made
 at his father's death-bed, and such in-
 fluences as the one recorded at the
 commencement of this chapter were the
 occasion, more particularly, of that
 testing.

To Ralph's honor, be it said, he for
 some years resisted these appeals, man-
 ing in his mother, and the few friends who
 visited his home, the pleasure he needed.
 was that "one thing needful," without
 which the best character is liable to
 fall, and in Ralph Conway's case the
 lack of a full decision for Christ left
 him vulnerable to attacks of sarcasm and
 ridicule to an extent which would not
 have been the case had he found
 out the secret of strength in weakness
 through faith in Christ.

CHAPTER III.

It was Saturday afternoon. Messrs.
 Sforth & Son's staff were putting aside
 plans, drawings, etc., for the week, while
 sally and repartee were going the round
 of the office.

Ralph was turning his key in his door
 when Will Naughton said to Rob Cautre,
 "I suppose it's an use asking Ralph
 Conway to stay for a drink and a game
 at billiards this afternoon?"

They were anything but a bad-temper-
 ed lot of fellows, and had there been the
 need, any one of them would have ren-
 dered Ralph any service possible, only
 they rather despised the quiet, though
 high-spirited lad, whom they looked upon
 as a bit of a "bobby," because he paid so
 much attention to his mother. Ralph
 heard what was said and turned to re-
 ply, but before he could do so Cautre
 answered in tones that sounded even
 more sarcastic than that rather acid
 young gentleman intended they should be,
 "Don't ask him, he's afraid of his mo-
 ther. Dear little lamb."

The collar mounted to Ralph's fare-
 head with an electric rush. He drew
 himself up to his full height, wheeled
 round from his desk so as to confront
 the two men, then, with dilated nostrils
 and a hard look in his eyes, he said, in
 jerks, as he dashed the keys of his draw-
 ers down on the desk: "I am not afraid
 of anybody, or anything, and, Cautre,
 don't you dare lay a finger on my mother's
 name again."

Ralph's fist was clinched by his side,
 and Cautre evidently did not like the
 unhealthy glitter in his large expressive
 eyes, far he quailed and stood back a
 pace.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN PLAGUES

AND

Famine's Fearful Ravages

The Misery in the Poona District Begins

Description—Starving Humanity in
 Hundreds—Cry for Help.

The horrors wrought by this dire
 pestilence need not be mentioned here,
 as readers are all acquainted with the
 facts of it. Once it has taken hold, its
 progress cannot be impeded, and one
 has only to picture himself in a village
 standing in the midst of a family
 group of Hindoos who are in the
 greatest state of excitement and be-
 wilderment, rushing madly here and
 there, while numbers fall down
 writhing in pain, and in a few minutes
 the soul takes its flight. The hor-
 rors wrought by the bubonic plague
 are difficult adequately to describe.
 One can picture it to Defoe's realistic
 description of the great plague of Lon-
 don. When the first signs of the epi-
 demic break out in a house, the other
 members of the family desert the place
 and fly for their lives. The unhappy
 victim is thus left alone till death re-
 lieves his sufferings. Nor do they get
 clear of it for in going out of the
 place they carry the germs of the
 disease with them in their scanty
 bedding and utensils, which in a few
 days after their arrival at a new vil-
 lage, breaks out again. To eradicate
 the growth of this, the Government
 have adopted stringent measures—all
 passengers by trains from infected
 parts being subjected to a strict doc-
 tor's examination and quarantined.

Going further in into the villages in
 some parts, one could see the funeral
 pyre of the Hindoo for ghastly crea-
 tion, deserted the moment it is lit,
 and then abandoned to the

Jackals and Vultures

There one sees the ghoulish Moham-
 medan cemetery, where the bodies of
 the dead and dying are tossed and

dragged, and where not one foot of
 earth covers them. So few of the
 living are left to remove the dead that
 as in London, the death-cart goes its
 rounds and disposes of the victims
 wholesale.

The city of Poona seems to be the
 worst of all the great Indian cities.
 In fact, it seems to the onlooker to be
 under a curse. Two-thirds of its na-
 tive population have died or fled, and
 among the remaining third there are
 eleven hundred deaths a week. The
 two new features of this fresh out-
 break of the pestilence, which began
 at the end of February last, and at-
 tained its daily maximum at the end
 of June, keeping that up ever since,
 are these, the black death and the
 fatal infection of Europeans. The
 latter is chiefly due to the impossibility
 of nurses and physicians and benev-
 olent persons dealing with the hun-
 dreds who crowd the hospitals, and yet
 they must work on till they themselves
 drop.

Since August 1st, five hundred vic-
 tims a day have filled the
 Plague Hospital, notwithstanding the
 fact that 104 have been returned as
 cured in the first fortnight.

Ismail Beg, the police inspector, who
 has just been rewarded by Govern-
 ment for his loyalty and ability, died
 in a few hours, his tongue and face
 turning black.

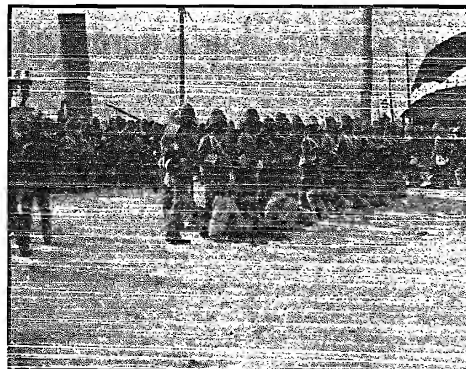
Khan Bahadur Jussuff, who volun-
 teered to look after the hospital for
 his co-religionists, succumbed similar-
 ly. The Hindoos

Cry to Ram,

the Mohammedans wailing and shriek-
 ing, and the drums of the low caste,
 whose region, saturated by the canal,
 has at last been evacuated, are the
 only sounds in the great Mabratta
 capital, which, at this season, used to
 teem with native life and European
 activity. The principal market, where,
 on another day, one would see the
 fruiterer exposing his vegetables for
 sale, and hear the cry of the milk-man,
 or death wail, is now deserted; a
 cast-off bit of clothing and a few
 empty packing cases mark his once-
 possessed little shop. Nor has the
 litter cup which India has had to
 drink this time come to an end. It was
 only a few weeks ago that a great
 storm of rain and landslides occurred
 in the northern boundary line of the
 frontier. The swollen river rushed
 down in mighty torrents, and swept
 everything before it away to eternity.
 Houses, villages, human beings, and
 cattle were all lost. Hundreds lost
 their lives.

Following this grim
 spectacle over which India had suf-
 ficient time to mourn the famine, which
 at one time swept thousands of
 Hindoos off the face of the earth, has
 come on again. Words fail and fall
 far short in describing the horrors of
 the famine. Hundreds of villagers
 are daily arriving at the principal
 towns in Gujarat and the Punjab,
 ragged, emaciated, and worn out.
 Pitiful specimens of starved humanity
 in women and children, gasping out
 for food with parched tongue and hol-
 low breasts.

The Salvation Army in India has
 this time, too, laid the great need of
 its cause before the public. The Gen-
 eral, through the columns of the Cry,
 has already appealed for help, and we
 sincerely trust that those who possess
 a spark of sympathy and love for
 their fellow-beings will not fail in
 giving what they can spare to help
 alleviate the miseries and sufferings
 of the poor Hindoos.—G. D. L., Ceylon.



GOOD-BYE, BERMUDA.

The departure of troops recently
 stationed at Bermuda, for England.
 We had a considerable number of
 Salvationists—members of the Naval
 and Military League—among these
 troops, which were ordered to proceed
 to Halifax, N. S., but before their de-
 parture received counter-orders for
 England.

My Journal.

By THE GENERAL.

BASLE, WITH A FEW REFLECTIONS.

Basle, Friday, December 1st.

The growing influence of the meeting, the kindness of my dear Basle friends, and the great possibilities open before us in this city, interest me more and more, and make me unwilling to contemplate the close of the campaign; but the old law still prevails: "One sowing and another reaping." "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." I feel that I am sowing plentifully in this important field, and in the firm hope that others will reap with equal abundance.

Wanted—A Love Feast!

Morning—Staff Officers' meeting. I wanted to eat and drink with my Disciples this morning, and, therefore, planned to breakfast with them. But it did not come off, and, instead of rolls and coffee, and a little of that free communion which comes specially with the breaking of bread, we were shut up to talking only, and that in a kind of oblong cell at the top of Headquarters, alternately blown about by windy hurricane or semi-suffocated for want of it. However, we had a beneficial time I hope. I am sure useful things were said, which will be proved to be such if they are only put into practice—and what is the use of talking unless action follows?

What a beautifully-spirited little group of officers that was! At least, so it appeared to be to me. Anxious to learn, and willing to obey, only hindered by their past quiet habits and the influence of the slow-going Christian world around them. Why cannot they forget the things that are behind, especially the habits and customs they have learned from other religious communities?

Objections!

O'er the dinner-table I had a discussion with my host as to whether the clapping of hands hindered or helped us in the meeting. I discovered afterwards that some strongish objections had been made by some Christians to the loud singing and other demonstrations of the night before. It appears that we got away with a little freedom in the singing of the chorus—I know I did myself, and sang in moderate German—

"Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home,

Welcome sinners home, welcome sinners home,

Jesus, my Saviour, will welcome sinners home,

Sinner, don't delay."

In harmony with the sentiment and the singing of this chorus there was a considerable clapping of hands and an approach to a little mad excitement. This, it appears, displeased some of our "quietest" friends, and a request was actually made that we should boycott this singing in particular as being peculiarly objectionable; indeed, it was said that some of our outside admirers would stay away if we would not behave ourselves better. I cannot for the life of me understand this objection to that freedom in prayer, confidence and praise, which combines to make gladness in Divine worship. I know what is said about reverence and awe, and the like, and sympathize with the lawful desire for it; but the eagerness and gladness of the saints has all my life been a great sorrow. I have saddened my nights, and shortened my days, and sacrificed many an outside friend in the struggle to wake people up to the realization of that enthusiasm which the mighty struggle in which we are engaged should call forth.

On Patriarchal Lines.

However, I have no time to write upon the subject now, and if my friends will look up their Bibles, I think they will find that I am on the track of the patriarchal saint. As how David was a patron of similar demonstrations in his meetings. See Psalm xlviii. 1, where he cried out: "Oh, clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God. With the voice of triumph."

Meanwhile I commend to my critical friends a verse of a song I used to sing thirty years ago:—

"They sing and shout in heaven,
It is their heart's delight;
I shout when I am happy,
And that with all my might.
They say I am too noisy,
I know the reason why,
And if they felt the glory
They'd shout as well as I."

Of course, the spirit of demonstration can be abused, and doubtless often is, but to the end of my history I think I shall go on striving by every lawful measure to stir up the sluggish, heartless indifference of both saints and sinners alike in the service of God and man.

Afternoon.—We had again an excellent audience, and a downright good, practical meeting, with thirty-one at the Mercy Seat.

Night.—We were crowded. It was a fine gathering, a very large proportion of the crowd being men, amongst whom were a large number of students. Each evening right before me have been some forty or fifty young fellows belonging to a college in the city devoted to the training of evangelists, missionaries and pastors of small churches. They were quite a fine body, and most attentive. Let us hope they were benefited.

Translating and Translators.

God has given me wonderful freedom—may, at times, deep satisfaction—in speaking during this campaign, and especially has it been so at Basle, nevertheless the strain on the mind of having to talk through a translator, is considerable. It is true that I am highly favored in my translators. Their capacity, patience, and endurance are unequalled. I very much question whether such a body of men have ever been known before.

The system followed, too, is, I fancy, different to that prevailing elsewhere. The ordinary plan, I believe, is for the speaker to give his views in a somewhat lengthy paragraph, the interpreter following with a general statement of the same. My plan is to deliver short sentences, or half-sentences, as the case may be, the interpreter following straight on, imitating in tone and gesture the speaker, so that something of the feeling of the latter is felt in every sentence. By this method, even where, as was said by a stranger the other day, "it was like a hot man speaking through a cold man," something of the heat of the hot man comes through the cold man; indeed, the cold man himself warms up before the address is through, and then you have the advantage of two hot men.

I would like here to give expression to the gratitude I feel to my translators up and down the world. Were I a Monarch whose custom it was to distribute decorations to mark his approval of services rendered, I should certainly give medals and crosses, as the case might be, to these dear comrades for their services rendered the cause of the Saviour in this particular way.

Colonel Junker, from Berlin, and Brigadier Roussel, from Lausanne, have been my principal interpreters on this campaign, and the words they have done have been not only excellent in quality, but marvellous in quantity. I have talked as much as two and a half hours at an officers' meeting three times a day, with only a chorus and a prayer thrown in between, and my interpreters have scarcely missed the exact meaning of a sentence, or failed to express it, not only correctly, but with such interest that it has kept every eye and ear present.

Now do I know, it may be asked, that I am correctly interpreted when I am ignorant of the language into which my words are translated? Because before and around my interpreter there will be sitting, in every country, at least half-a-dozen people who will understand both the language he is speaking and that which he is interpreting; and, intently follow-

ing him, they would be quick to mark any hurried mistakes in word or idiom, and as quick to correct it openly. Moreover, when it comes to officers, can, as a rule, read on their faces whether they are understanding and following me as I go along.

The Night's Meeting.

Sometimes we have too few people, and sometimes too many. To night we had too many, and the crowd troubled us. Not the people inside the building, for, although the audience was largely made up of the class who cannot be supposed to have much sympathy with the religion of the Salvationist, or of any other, as far as that goes, they were riveted, and, therefore, quiet enough. The crowd I allude to was the unfortunate people who could not get in. Many of these waited through the whole hour of my talk, and then, as the doors opened for the few who wished to leave, the others rushed in, gorging the entrance and the aisles, and seriously hindering the after-meeting. Many of the new-comers were Social Democrats, who are, as a rule, what we term infidels, and, although they behaved with propriety, their curiosity and conversation did not help the good influence of the meeting.

The after-meeting started with a stiff fight. The confusion at times was great. The hall is a large one, and our force, although considerable, was limited. Still, we struggled forwards. The music and the singing were an immense improvement on the former days, and some of the songs went with a glorious swing. Gradually we got the mastery, and first one and then another walked out to the Mercy Seat. I was just indulging in the prospect of a glorious victory ahead, when it was whispered in my ears, "You have only run into a coil, before you leave the building." For a few moments I lingered. It was a hard struggle to leave the fight. How could it be otherwise? Already twenty-one men and women were at the Mercy Seat, and the hall was nearly as full as when I left off talking; and through the building the song was booming—

"Oh, yes, there's salvation for you!"

But there was no alternative. It was now ten o'clock, and the train which was to take me to London left at 10:22. So, reluctantly, I tore myself away, kissed my dear Lucy, bade farewell to the handful of comrades who gathered round my couch, exhorted all to fight "On, on, and still on," and off we rattled over the stony streets of Basle for the railway station, whence we were soon steaming away in the darkness through Switzerland, through France, across the Channel, on, till at five o'clock on the following afternoon, December 2nd, we were safely landed in London once more, where I found the Chief of the Staff waiting to welcome me.

Life's Battlefield.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

YES, there he stood—stood at the post of duty. True, it was only the picture of a soldier on guard, stamped upon a calendar which hung upon the wall of a certain officers' quarters. Yet that picture stamped itself upon my heart. The soldier's surroundings were anything but pleasant—snow, desolation, loneliness, and possibly approaching danger, which would imply a sense of dread. There, however, he remained, for had not his duty been assigned him? As a true soldier, the foundation of his discipline was to obey orders, whether they were pleasing or not pleasing to the flesh. The only redeeming feature to that scene of dreariness was the fact that the clouds had opened and there appeared the kindly beams of the moon.

There was also seen in that picture, in the upper corner, another scene—a small, humble room, with its two occupants kneeling in prayer for the ho at the front of the battle. Thus, then, were shown two sides of life. I was about to designate them the active and the passive side, but in the strict sense there is no passive side. Both of these scenes, after all, represented life's activity, but in different spheres. The soldier on guard might appear to a careless observer to be rather inactive, yet he was doing his duty and considered by his superiors an active soldier.

The parents also were actively engaged in using the telegraph line of prayer, transmitting their messages daily, if not hourly, for the preservation of their boy at the front.

Everybody Engaged.

Now, on the great battlefield of life, for such it is from the cradle to the grave, each person is expected to be actively engaged.

As time passes on, and the rolling back of the clouds of the past year seems but to merge into the opening of the new, so men pass on with time to face, yea, possibly a sterner battle than the past year brought him.

As we stand upon the threshold of 1900, it will be of profit to look at the different kinds of warfare in which we may have to engage. Not only is a true warrior expected to fight for the salvation of others, but for the preservation of his own soul and the upbuilding of the standard of righteousness.

Let us first look at what is termed defensive warfare. The defensive side of our battling is equally as important as the aggressive one, for we only retain power to make aggression on the enemy inasmuch as we keep him outside the fortress of our own hearts. To allow him admittance means that he will usurp the power and reign as conqueror. An unthinking person might say that the soldier who stands guard at his own heart's door does very little actual fighting, yet it takes oftentimes a great deal of wisdom and strength to discern the enemy's approach, and to ward him off. At times the antagonistic forces of evil so surround the Christian warrior that it takes about all the reserve force within him to hold his own. The enemy is very crafty. His stealthy approaches have to be watched with great vigilance. When everything else fails, the enemy will present himself under a supposed flag of truce and seek for terms of admission. This strategy of the devil has been accepted by many a warrior to their own sorrow, for no one has admitted him but to their own hurt.

Always Lit Up.

As the moon lent its kindly beams to make brighter the surroundings, we cannot tell to what extent his thoughts may have gone out towards the East above. Who had set the moon in its place and controlled its action. With the Christian warrior no matter how dark may be his surroundings, as he stands as a picket at the citadel gate of his own heart, he has the blessed consciousness that the light of God is shining into the deeper chambers of the heart, and a Voice from above is saying, "Be not afraid, I am thy God."

There will come times when he will be able to go out and engage in open conflict. These are the occasions that call into requisition the full fighting qualities in a very marked manner. He may have to face the foe in some desperate encounter, the desperation of which pen can hardly describe. There will be the climbing of life's steep places to try and aient a march on the enemy, the surmounting of obstacles to get a better chance at him, and the innumerable attacks that call for both great strategy and force.

Then, again, there is the unity of our endeavors with others, at times, for the redemption of the prisoners taken by the enemy. A united force means strength. Combined action is always productive of victory in this spiritual warfare. No barricade of sin can withstand the attack of a well-organized force in fighting trim.

It was the privilege of the writer to witness the home-coming of a company of North Dakota volunteers from Manila a short time ago. Such a time of rejoicing! What a reception played, loved ones grasped the arms of loved ones who had been spared from death. The crowd was all excitement. Why? Because they were welcoming home a company of "the boys" who had risked their lives for their country's cause. So will it be when earth's warriors arrive at Heaven's gate. The boys in blue who forgot their hardships when overwhelmed with their weary welcome, so to us "the tolls of the road" will seem nothing when we come to the end of the way. It only we are able to lay our crown at Jesus' feet and join in the song of the Lamb, this will be our culminating joy—a joy that even the angels will be strangers to as they have never been privileged to fight upon life's battlefield.

Lieut. Col. Margetts, Territorial Secretary,

WEST ONTARIO.



Crowds — Marvellous Manifestations of the Holy Spirit—Fifty-Six Souls at the Mercy Seat.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Colonel Margetts has a great love for souls, and as a soul-winner he is to be found in the front rank. We had set for our target for the twelve-days' trip 50 souls, and the Lord gave us our heart's desire, and six over. Hallelujah!

We had a good crowd at Stratford. The T. S. waded into his subject with might and main. The new Western song, "My name in mother's prayer," was introduced. Father Richardson was in evidence, looking as happy as ever.

London is an old battle-ground of the Colonel's. Soon after our arrival the T. S. was submerged in District and Corps work, while the writer and his Chancellor were engrossed with Provincial business.

The Saturday night's meeting was a sound affair and resulted in three souls coming forward for pardon. One of them had his head all bandaged up with a cloth. This, he told us, was the result of his sin.

Sunday was a wet day, nevertheless war against sin and the devil went on just the same, and ere we came to the closing scenes at night 18 had come to the Cleansing, Healing River of Jesus' Flood. What a sight it was to witness 17 at the Mercy Seat on the Sunday night. Some of them were the children of soldiers. Some were, others laughed, one or two danced, and many rejoiced at the glorious triumphs of His grace.

London's S.-D., under Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond, was a glorious victory. \$100 over the target was the result; of this amount the band raised \$524 (including Father Armstrong's \$127), and the Juniors about \$133. Bravo, London! Your P. O. is proud of you.

Monday was our last public engagement in London. The T. S. and the writer had a time with the children previous to the Senior meeting, and what a time we had, to be sure! How the Juniors clapped when we made our appearance. J. S. S.-M. and Mrs. Kerswell have done excellently with the children's work.

Our final meeting was a solemn time. Both the T. S. and the writer had a pitch-in, and the meeting resulted in one seeker.

We were assisted in the week-end's campaign by Staff-Capt. Phillips, Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond, and Capt. Whitaker, the new Cashier for W. O. E. We stayed under the hospitable roof of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips.

St. Thomas was our next engagement and we found Capt. Feil and

Burrows in good spirits. We have rarely been in a meeting to equal this for liberty and freedom. How they sang and clapped their hands!

The T. S. brought his "Howitzer" guns to action, and while he talked an old invalid left his seat near the back and came up to the front to take in what was said. It was about 11:30 p.m. when the meeting was closed, and we scored five souls, one of them being the husband of one of our soldiers. It was touching to see her dealing with him in his seat about his soul, and when he came to the Mercy Seat she was again by his side.

St. Thomas scored a good S.-D. victory, and raised the noble sum of \$155 being \$55 over their target. We received application for Corps Cadetship from two Juniors.

We landed in Windsor in the midst of a snow-storm, and were met by Adj. Blackburn, the D. O. Reinforcements have arrived at his home in the shape of a boy-cadet. We were glad to report mother and son doing well.

How shall I describe the first meeting? The Colonel took hold of the reins and the P. O. read. God did indeed overshadow that meeting with His presence. Tears flowed freely, hearts were melted, touching confessions were made, and twelve souls stepped into the troubled waters of His grace; one of them was the brother of two of our officers. Perhaps he will follow suit.

We were reinforced the second night by Adj. Bradley and a battalion from Detroit. Talk about a good laugh, I should just think we had a good-time on that line. The Colonel was in his element, and handled his subject admirably. Two souls was the result.

Lieut. Ringler is an excellent War Cry boomer, and sells 100 copies in a neighboring village. "Bishop" Blackburn and his assistants were exultant over their S.-D. victory.

Our program for Chatham was a full one. Adj. Coombs, the D. O., met us by an early train. The morning was spent in District and Corps inspection, etc.

Mrs. Adj. Coombs has been in the hospital for some time very sick. At one time her life was despaired of. Part of the afternoon was spent in visiting the sick one, and we found her full of thanksgiving to God for sparing mercy. We had a sweet season of prayer and praise together.

We had an excellent meeting on the Saturday night. The T. S. sang, the P. O. sang, and then they sang together, and it was a good time, and the meeting was not without some practical results. A mother, who left her little one in the care of a soldier came and sought and found the Saviour.

Lieut. Colonel Margetts realizes the importance of the Junior work, so on Sunday morning he and the writer spent some little time with them in their morning meeting. How cozy was that J. S. barracks, and what a nice crowd of children, and how orderly, and didn't they listen when the visitors sang and spoke to them! Great credit is due to J. S. S.-M. Dunkley and his band of workers; and just think, they raised \$111 in connection with their S.-D. effort. Fire a volley for the Chatham Junior Braves!

And what shall I say about the holiness meeting which followed? The Lord passed by and left behind a blessing. Two hungry, thirsty spirits came forward to eat and drink of the fruits and wines of Canaan. The T. S. was in excellent form.

The writer was delighted to see an old comrade who worked with him in the same Division in the United States fourteen years ago. What power fell on the crowd as she told out her experience. She reminded the writer of a certain camp-meeting they conducted many years ago, when 60 souls sought the Lord. Hallelujah!

A lovely congregation gathered together in the afternoon; in fact, the barracks was nearly full. Again, singing and music took a prominent part. There will be plenty of music in heaven; let us have as much of it down here as possible—sanctified music, of course.

It was a continuous fire from 7 o'clock about 11 p.m. Barracks was filled. The T. S. waded in. God upheld him, he spoke as a prophet, and the truth had a telling effect. It was rather a struggle at the beginning of the prayer meeting, but we held on. At last here they come, one, two, three, four, and finally ten souls were seen kneeling at the Mercy Seat crying for solace. How the angels must have rejoiced, and so did we.

"The sight that charms us most is sinners at the Cross."

It was nearly 1 a.m. on Monday morning when we retired to rest. Tired and weary we were, but rejoicing in the victories He had given us. Our target of fifty souls had been not only reached, but passed. Doubtless some of our dear ones had been praying for the T. S. and P. O. who were at the "front."

At 10:25 on Monday Morning we left Chatham behind. Had an hour at Ridgeway and Captain Mathers and her Lieutenant ministered to our comfort by preparing a beautiful palatable lunch. Arrived at Waterford about 4 p.m., where we were met by Esnaig Wakefield, who conveyed us to Simcoe (our next scene of action) by huggy.

Much to do and little time was the order here. But, of course, first of all Mrs. Wakefield would have us sit down and partake of a cup (?) of her famous tea. Capt. Huckle, of Norwich, was present with us. She had a story to tell of an S.-D. triumph, and so had Esnaig and Mrs. Wakefield. Every corps in their District went beyond their target.



Brigadier Pugmire, Provincial Officer of West Ontario.

A lively crowd gathered for the meeting. A song of welcome was accorded us by three Juniors, which they rendered very creditably. The Colonel and P. O. both had a pitch-in, and after a hard-fought battle, one rebel surrendered to the claims of God.

The next on our program was District and Corps inspection at Brantford. But before we could reach there we had to take a drive of eight miles in the rain before 8 a.m. to catch our train at Waterford, which conveyed us to Brantford. We found Adj. and Mrs. McHarg and Lieut. Kuucicle all well.

We took the evening train for Heapeville, which was our last engagement. The D. O. had arranged for comrades from Galt, Guelph, and Berlin to be with us. Capt. Hollett had made known our visit, and immediately on our arrival a pitched battle began.

The T. S. had a heart-searching subject and the Holy Spirit was present. We had one soul, but there ought to have been more. Still, if one soul is worth a thousand worlds, how grateful we ought to be for that "one." Lord, we thank Thee!

And this closes the chapter—nay, we scarcely think so, for will not the blessings which God imparted to our comrades with whom we met multitudes and increase, and will not the 36 souls who sought the Lord and His mercy go out and seek other wandering souls? "Sinner, be saved!" Let it be so, Lord. Amen!

Wearied somewhat, the T. S. and the writer arrived at their homes about noon on Wednesday, where loved ones made us welcome. Home is all the sweeter and dearer when distance has separated us from it for some time; and won't we prize our heavenly home, when, after wearied travellings, and crosses carried, and battles fought, we enter into our heavenly and eternal rest, and meet our loved ones in the morning. Adieu, wishing all readers the season's blessings.

Behind the Scenes.

We must not forget the force at home, unable to enter into the open conflict for the salvation of others. Once they were able to do so and their past warfare is a great inspiration to those now on the field. The home folks are only able to keep the clasp of their own hearts, and also keep open the telegraphic line of prayer to God's throne for the field warriors. They rejoice in every victory gained by God's soldiers, and just cause they have to do so. Many a praying parent's heart has been gladdened by the victory of a son or daughter upon life's battlefield, and equally saddened when defeat has been reported to them.

Let us, as warriors of the Lord, determine upon a career of victory, whether standing guard or in open fight. Then shall we be able, with Paul, to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and as an echo these words will come back, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"



Ingersoll Officers and J. S. Workers.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

LESSON VI. VALUE OF CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

THE SIXTH LESSON that we learn from the life of this illustrious woman is the intrinsic value of good Christian parents. Catherine Booth was the daughter of a good father and mother. In her infancy she hung upon a pious mother's breast. She nursed her and nourished her with her own life-for God, the Salvation Army, and heaven. Her mother, when listening to one of her most impressive, thrilling, and heart-searching appeals-to which human hearts and ears ever listened, and which was so effective under the mighty power of the Holy Ghost in moving the vast audience to tears of penitence and vows to live a better life-exclaimed, "Is this what I nursed and raised her for?" Good mothers, good sons and daughters, is the rule. This is the record of history, the record of the human family, so far; and the part is a clear prophecy of what the future will be. Like mothers, like children. The conversion of children, and the moulding of them after the Christlike type, depends very largely on mothers. The overthrow of the drunk demon, the suppression of vice, the uprooting of every form of evil, the spread of true religion, and the conversion of the world are largely in the hands of mothers. They must inspire their children with

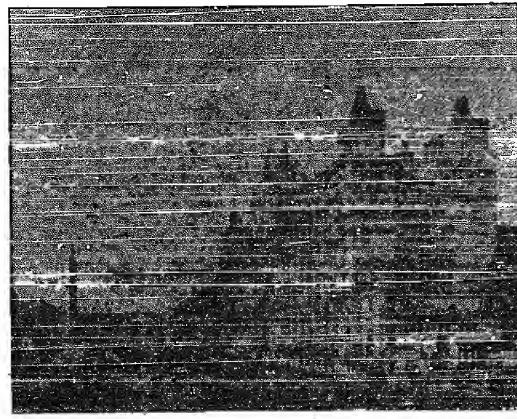
Noble Ideas of Christian Life

and character. They must train them for future usefulness and heaven. Mothers must dedicate their children to Christ before they are born. My children were all dedicated to God and to Christian work before they were born. A mother's influence, prayers, example, counsel, and piety have something to do in shaping and moulding a child's life and destiny. The holy-hearted Hannah heads the roll of these model mothers-the woman who dedicated her first-born son to God in these memorable words: "For this child I prayed, and the Lord has given me my petition which I asked Him; therefore I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord."-1 Sam. 1:28. Samuel also heads the roll of eminent men, servants of God who owed an immense debt to wise maternal influence. What was true in ancient times has been true ever since. At the starting-point of a vast majority of the best Christian lives stands a Christian mother. This is true in all Bible, Christian, Church, and national history. Do you want proofs of these assertions? There are proofs all around us. Most illustrious proofs. Take the case of Theodore L. Cuyler, an eminent clergyman, writer and author. He said in the Christian World Pulpit: "My own widowed mother was the best God ever gave to an only son. She was more to me than school, or college, or pastor all combined. In our first rural home, the first Sabbath School I ever attended had but one teacher and one scholar, and she was superintendent; the only book studied was God's book, and committed to memory. During my infancy she dedicated me to the Christian ministry, and she kept that steadily before her own eye and mine. I cannot now," he said, "fix the date of my conversion; it was her constant influence that gradually led me along, and I grew into a religious life under her potent training, and by the power of the Holy Spirit working through her untiring agency. If all mothers were like her, the church in the house would be one of the best feeders of the church in the public sanctuary."

Not Doing all the Good.

We clergymen must not think that we are doing all the good that is being accomplished in the world. There is a ministry that is older and deeper and more potent than ours. It is the ministry that presides over the cradle, and impresses the first Gospel influence upon the infant soul. Before the pulpit begins, or before the Sabbath School begins, or the Christian En-

deavor begins, or the Young Men's Christian Association begins, the mother has already begun, and has been moulding the plastic wax of character, for weal or for woe. It is the same power that sent Samud out of the godly home of Hannah, and wicked Jezebel-both of them walked in the ways of their mother. Timothy's mother and grandmother had something to do with moulding his childhood and youthful mind. It is a prodigious power that every mother wields over her children. Far be it from me to under-rate the influence of fathers for good or evil. But still the fact remains that it is mainly the mother who shapes the home influence, and imparts to it its prevailing atmosphere-for the most important part of moral education is atmosphere. The purity or impurity of the home depends for the most part on the mother as the sovereign of the home. There is her throne, there is her power, there is her sway, there she can make or



LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL, ENG.

mar the destiny of the young immortal soul beyond anyone this side of the gates of heaven or hell.

Some Shining Examples.

Among eminent living preachers, none proclaims the great, vital doctrines of atonement more powerfully than Newman Hall, more powerfully than Newman Hall, more powerfully than Newman Hall, more powerfully than Newman Hall. He almost idolized his mother. About the first thing she taught him was, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That text became the keynote of his grand ministry. He owed a great deal to his mother. As a Methodist Wesley's hand rings all the globe to-day. John Wesley testified how his mother stamped the impress of her own spirit deeply on his soul. God, he said, never blessed a human creature with generous spirit, a sweeter temper, or a more tender heart. She is the Mother of Methodism. Thomas Carlyle speaks with a glowing and a tender enthusiasm of his mother, the brave-hearted wife of a Scotch herring-man, and to his home-training the great historian owed the force of his character and vigor of his mind, which made him one of the renowned and useful men of his age. William E. Channing says of his mother, she had the genius to examine the truth, to speak it, to act upon it beyond all women I ever knew. When the late James A. Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States, his first action was, after he had taken the vows of office and delivered his

inaugural address, to turn and put his arm around the neck of his aged mother and tenderly and lovingly kiss her, thus showing to all the world the place she held in his heart and life. Men of such quality never forget to whom they are most deeply indebted.

Exalt all Womanhood.

In giving credit to their mothers they not only honor the women who gave them birth, but they exalt all womanhood by making clear the power every mother may wield, whatever the character and disposition of her child. If only as a mother who will prove herself faithful and true. Frances R. Havergal and Frances E. Willard were noble-minded women because they were the daughters of eminent mothers, and Catherine Booth became an illustrious Christian woman because she was the daughter of such a distinguished mother. Bearing in mind such facts, let no mother say that her sphere is obscure and secondary. A noble ambition can fill a wider circle. To raise a virtuous child is to send a useful man or woman into the world. For a mother to give her offspring health and courage, and inspire him with noble ideas of life, to help him to save himself and others, is much better service both for God and man than fighting a battle, ruling a state, or wearing an Emperor's crown. Doing this she is helping to shape the destiny of future generations. She is fulfilling her part in raising up a race of true men and women who will

success that makes life worthy, or have won a place of esteem and power in the church or state, they owe it all to mother and God. "The future destiny of a child," said the so-called Man of Destiny, "is always the work of its mother." We do not wonder that all of Mrs. Booth's children are converted, and filling such important positions in the religious world, when we think of the faith, and piety, and devotion, and consecration to Christ their illustrious mother was so distinguished for. Like mother, like children. I think if there were more mothers like Hannah, and Lois, and Eunice were, there would be more children like Samuel and Timothy were. It is good mothers, as well as good fathers, that we need, who will train all their children up for Christ and heaven.

(To be continued.)

Semitic Sayings.

- Charity is the salt of riches.
- Be the first to hold out the hand of peace.
- He who denies his guilt doubles his guilt.
- Improve thyself, then try to improve others.
- Happy is he who fears God in the prime of life.
- Prayer without devotion is like a body without a soul.
- The path of duty in this world is the road to salvation in the next.
- Associate not with the wicked man, even if thou canst learn from him.
- The wicked, whilst alive, are like dead; the righteous, after death, still live.
- This is the penalty of the liar: He is not believed when he tells the truth.
- Beautiful are the admonitions of him whose life accords with his teachings.
- Who is powerful? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has.
- Blessed is he who gives to the poor, albeit only a penny; doubly blessed be he who adds kind words to his gift. Say not, because thou canst not do everything, "I will do nothing."

The Language of the Harp.

There is a beautiful legend or fancy of a company of belms from the celestial world, who, in disguise, visited a city as some errand of mercy. When their work was finished, they hastily departed, and in some way one of their number, a fair young spirit, was left behind, lost in the strange town. When people began to move on the streets in the morning, they found a sweet boy with sunny hair sitting on the steps of the temple. They spoke to him, but he could not understand nor answer them. He replied to their inquiries only with streaming tears and with looks of alarm. Presently, however, a slave bearing a harp came along among the crowd. The child saw the harp, and eagerly reached out his hand to take it. Flinging his arms about it, he embraced it affectionately. Then he began to touch the strings, and wonderful music, pure, clear, melodious, like liquid music, fell upon the mortals. This was the language which the celestial stranger knew. In finding the harp he found a way of expressing his feelings in language. So it is when one finds his soul. We are like lost children in this world if we do not know our own true and higher nature. If we live only on earthly things, we are belms of celestial birth strayed from our real home and environment. Everything about us is strange. We do not know the language of those who throng around us. When we find ourselves, we begin to be at home.



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THE WAYS OF THE WIND.

THE coming of the Holy Spirit in His Pentecostal revival might be likened to the rushing of a mighty wind. In a number of forceful ways it in motion emblemizes the Holy Ghost.

It penetrates. It goes everywhere, unless it is shut out. The Holy Ghost penetrates in a similar way, discerning even the thoughts and intents of the heart, and entering every soul that does not shut Him out, to abide for ever. Happy are the people that open the blinds and doors of their whole being to welcome the fragrant gales of grace which will continually refresh them from above.

It removes obstructions. A mighty cyclone sweeping everything before it. In similar manner revival wind will sweep before it everything that is contrary to the whole will of God.

It heralds refreshing showers. Showers of blessing and cloudbursts of salvation are carried to us by gales of saving grace.

It is indispensable to life. If the wind should never blow, every living being would eventually die from the stagnation which would follow. The spiritual death which has settled down upon many of the churches is due to a similar cause. Breezes from heaven have ceased to blow, and death is the result.

It dissipates clouds. Pentecostal gales in a similar way will drive away the dark clouds which may have obscured the Sun of Righteousness from the believer's view.

It dispels fog and smoke. Multitudes are lost in the fog and smoke of doubt, and prejudice, and human theories in regard to salvation. This wind from heaven blows the fog away, and enables those bewildered to see the truth as God has revealed it. False views of holiness always lay away before these gales from on high. Tobacco-smoke flies before them.

The wind removes light things. Chaff, and dust, and feathers quickly fly before it. Pentecostal wind in a similar way quickly sweeps away the dust of worldliness, which fills the spiritual air: the chaff of frivolity, which some would mingle with the wheat of holiness; and the feathers of pride, with which Maiden Fashion would adorn believers.

It separates. A good wind-mill will remove all the chaff, and chaff, and other light material from the wheat, and leave it pure and clean. In a similar way the Holy Ghost will fan out all the chaff and chaff of inbred sin from the heart, and all alliance with worldly fashions, fraternities, and other foolishness.

Wind is destructive. It destroys both property and life. It uproots trees, sinks ships, and blows people overboard. Pentecostal wind uproots trees of unrighteousness, and sinks ships and whole cargoes of whiskey, tobacco, and other contraband goods, and blows the "old man" of carnality into the Pentecostal fire that destroys him.

It purifies. A cyclone is one of the mightiest purifiers in nature. It sweeps away all the fog, and smoke, and malaria which settles down upon the earth, and leaves the air sweet and pure. In a like manner the Holy Ghost sweeps all the malaria which rises from carnality out of the soul, and airs it so completely that every unpleasant odor is replaced by fragrances borne from the vineyards and gardens of Beulahland.

Winds differ. There are hot, cold, dry, moist, north, south, east and west winds. So there come from heaven the hot strokes of Divine judgment upon the persistently impenitent; thunder and lightning cyclones of con-

viction upon the awakening sinner; refreshing gales of pardoning grace upon the truly penitent; fragrant, spicy, mighty, sanctifying gales from Beulahland upon the seeking believer, and healing, comforting breezes upon the afflicted child of God.

Wind propels. It carries ships to distant havens. In a similar way winds from heaven put the Pentecostal gale in the believer, utilize him for the good of humanity and the glory of God, and bear him over the sea of life to the welcoming harbor of final reward.

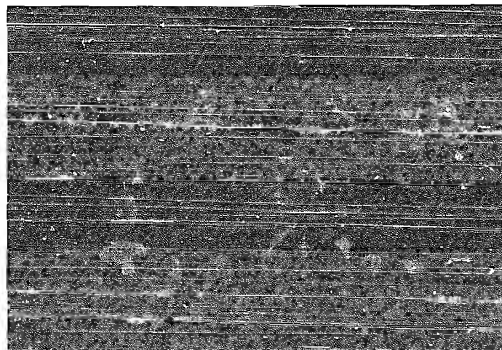
Wind overcomes obstacles. As a strong east wind opened the Red Sea for the deliverance of the children of Israel, so these gales from glory sweep the obstructions out of the victorious pathway of the saints of God, deliver them, and at the same time destroy their enemies.

(Concluded next week.)

THE STORY OF
A BACKSLIDER

A drunkard knelt at an Army form, So sad, so weary, weak, forlorn; He prayed as if his heart would break: "Lord, save me now, for Jesus' sake." He felt his sins that heavy weighed Upon his heart as thus he prayed; But when his faith claimed pardon free, The Lord gave peace and liberty.

A godly man he then became, And gloried in the Saviour's name; His time and strength were spent to win The souls of others sunk in sin. A soldier brave and true was he, And willing e'er to do or be Anything, so that he might prove His gratitude for God's great love.



The Provincial Officer and Chancellor of Central Ontario, and their Wives and Families.

Mrs. Turner. Ruth Turner. Major Turner. Mrs. Osaka. Brigadier Osaka. Son Osaka.

Temptations came both thick and strong, The enemy fought hard and long To reason with this soldier brave, Persuading him his life to save: "What need is there for so much show,

For so much talk, for so much love? You have received a pardon free, They live at ease and happy be."

Disguised, the devil pleaded hard, And put the soldier off his guard; He listened to the pleading tale, Till fighting in the ranks grew stale. "I can keep saved without the aid Of Army meetings and parade; Besides, as I've improved so well, I might as well enjoy myself."

So soldier days swept swiftly past, The devil had him safe at last; Disappointment was his plea— "Everyone was wrong but he. The Captain couldn't lead the corps Like the dear Captain gone before; The Army in that little town Had, to his great disgust, gone down."

He then decided what to do— He'd do the same as some he knew Who went to church—they couldn't rest

With such disturbance in the nest, These "faithful" souls, so good and true, Had gone for the same reasons too; And now their lives were all sublime, They've less to do and lots more true.

He went to church, sat in his pew, Did just the same as others do; And things went well just for a while, Till Satan came with cunning smile. Of course, he more propensities had To lead his victim to the bad; For, having got him once to yield, 'Twas easy then to take the field.

And soon the old desires returned, His thirsty throat began to burn; He did again, and even more. Led captive by the devil's will, He soon a drunkard's grave did fill; And through his wadowing in the mire His doom must be "eternal fire."

WAITING FOR PAPA.



"Maggie, wouldn't it be fun if our daddy was in the toy-store?" —Judge.

Military and Naval
League Notes.

A most inspiring photo is to hang from Bro. Ted Miller, of H. M. S. Crescent, which was promptly framed and hung in our League portrait gallery. It is a group of five blackjackets, beneath the white ensign, and the Army flag, taken six years ago at Halifax, N. S., and shows most cheerfully the work God has done in our League. They are the first "Life and Glory Boys." Bro. Miller and Bro. Faint, of H. M. S. Hood, are both still fighting for Jesus in the Navy, number three is a soldier in a South-Eastern corps, number four is Adjt. Kenway, now stationed at Halifax, N. S., and number five is Capt. Le Coq, who was some time ago sent to the Klondike.

Are not such results worth fighting for? The converts of to-day should be the officers of the distant tomorrow. See in it that those you lead to God know what they are about when they get saved!

Our comrades of the Worcester Regiment will find themselves expected and welcomed at Halifax. Bro. Miller tells of much interest on the part of Halifax I. corps, who intend to turn the Junior barracks over to the lads for reading, writing, and supper room. God bless the officer! This should be the first step to a good Naval and Military House, which would be well patronized at Halifax, and is badly needed. All the summer ships are lying at this port, and the Worcesters would keep the Hums lively all the winter long.

Any news of Bro. Miller will be welcomed by our now-scattered Portsmouth lads; their prayers for him are being answered, the "break" for which they prayed came in September, and there will be better things to report soon.

Some very interesting happenings are reported in connection with the calling up of Reservists for South Africa. The interval of waiting in various military stations has been used by some to give themselves to God. The recognition of fellow-Salvationists has been, in many cases, delightful.

Quite unexpectedly, the treasurer of popular camps and a handman from Eastbourne were called up as photographers, etc., to assist a company of Royal Engineers. The treasurer lost his Salvation Army bandkerchief, and made enquiries of the rest of the men of the company. To his astonishment two bandkerchiefs were produced. That betokened another comrade in the company, and quickly stepped out the Eastbourne bandman, to shake hands and claim the kinship of the Cross. These two shortly discovered three others from the Midlands, one or two of whom were old soldiers of Adjt. Avery. Little wonder then that a change was promptly made by the five to our Aldershot home where there were general greetings.

Our Salvationist Reservists have a wonderful chance. Wherever we can hear of them we are keeping in touch with every one; letters and Crys will be sent to all we know.

One of these an old Leaguer—has gone to the war with the Army colors wound round his body. "If a bullet reaches me," he says, "it comes through the yellow, red, and blue!"



A Happy New Year.

With this first edition of 1900 the War Cry sends a ringing wish of a Happy New Year to all its readers. Could we express better our best and sincerest wishes than in the words, "A Happy New Year"? For 1900 to be a season of true happiness, it must be a year of prayer, of unselfish devotion, of usefulness, and of unwavering faith, and trust in God, and love to man. Without any of these ingredients complete happiness is impossible. There must first be a clear sky of the soul—no clouds of sin or fogs of doubt, between the soul and its sun of righteousness. Sunshine is the first necessity of a fine day. Then there must be activity. The soul's powers and possibilities are enjoyed to exercise only, just as the child enjoys its health of limbs by skipping and playing in the sunlight, its sight by letting its eyes run over the surrounding objects, its hearing by listening to the music of nature. But the exercise of the soul's power must not be only for selfish enjoyment, but for bringing joy to others, in order to attain the highest happiness. So we condense into more prosaic language in this age of hurry—with its mania for abbreviations—the angelic message of old, "Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth and good-will toward men," when we wish our readers from our heart a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

Winnipeg's Free Christmas Dinner.

Over Eleven Hundred Poor Made Glad on Christ's Birthday.
(By wire.)

Christmas dinner for one thousand persons great success. Mayor Andrews opened proceedings with words of cheer and counsel. Over eleven hundred meals given, four hundred of these sent to persons unable, for different reasons, to leave their homes. Much sympathy manifested by citizens and great interest throughout the city. Splendid order. Foreigners went at the tables as band played, doubtless recalling memories of home beyond the sea. Effort only served to brighten surroundings for Christmas day it was worthy.—Major Southall.

CHRISTMAS IN NEW YORK

Nearly Thirty Thousand Persons Given a Christmas Dinner by the Salvation Army.

New York, Dec. 25.—No one had to go without a Christmas dinner in New York City to-day. At the Madison Square Garden the Salvation Army fed the thousands by the distribution of 8,200 baskets with food enough for five persons in each basket. Six thousand and more dinners were served on the main floor at 6 o'clock this evening. From 11 o'clock a.m. until 2 o'clock the distribution of the baskets took place, with thousands of spectators watching the spectacle. A musical and cinematograph entertainment was given every hour from 11 o'clock a.m. until 10 o'clock to-night. Orchestral and vocal music added to the general enjoyment of the occasion. The early morning scenes at the Garden were as unusual as they were interesting. Never before has charity been dispensed on so large a scale, and the Salvation Army people have been working like beavers for a month to make this prodigious dispensation a success. Although provision was made for feeding 20,000 persons, at least half again that number appeared, and the Army officers made strenuous efforts to meet the requirements. In all public institutions the inmates were generously provided with Christmas cheer by the authorities.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General conducted some splendid meetings in Derby. The souls captured amounted to 112.

The Chief of the Staff held a series of councils for young men and women at Bristol, on the last Sunday in the year. The Chief also conducted the Watch-night service in the Citadel.

We have recently accepted as a Corps Cadet a lassie who, as a baby, was dedicated to God by the General.

The Corps Cadet section at Headquarters has been remarkably active of late, and is securing some good material. Last month sixty applicants were accepted between the ages of sixteen and eighteen; thirty-two between the ages of eighteen and twenty, and five who age from twenty to twenty-four.

The dates of the Young People's Campaign, lasting some nine days, which, of course, include the Juniors Annual, have been fixed for January 14th to 21st, inclusive.

Adj. Alexander, of the Naval and Military League has arranged a series

Working-Women's Home is a possibility in Troy in the near future.

The Chief Divisional Officers of the United States will meet with the Commander and Consul, in Council, at New York, in February.

The new Salvage Department in New Brunswick is doing well. The wife of the Mayor, on his behalf, is addressing an appeal to the citizens, requesting them to separate their paper from the garbage, and save it for the Army Salvage.

Staff-Capt. Merrillweather, of Hawaii, is ill with fever.

Staff-Captain Hargraves is also ill, and has been compelled to rest for the winter.

THE WEST INDIES.

Commissioner Ralston, who has returned to England from his protracted tour in the West Indies, brought with him for acceptance the papers of four Candidates from Barbadoes. Two of these are lassies who regularly board the ships in Bridgetown Harbor with War Cris, and bombard the sailors about their souls.



The Grand Canal, Venice.

or timelight exhibitions at various London corps. He will show, by means of over a hundred slides, "The Present Position of our Soldiers and Sailors; Leaving Home; On the Sea; Landing at Durban; On the March; In Action; Killed and Wounded."

The evening classes, which are now in full swing at I. H. Q., are exceptionally promising this year. Major Thonger, who directs them, is in communication with the Educational Department with a view to obtaining a Government grant towards their maintenance.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander reports that the outlook for the Social Work in New Orleans has been most inviting. The papers and ministers of the city urge us to establish Social Institutions there.

The Consul met all the children of Headquarters' officers and employees at a holiday tree in Memorial Hall, Dec. 27th.

Major Cousins, of Troy, is negotiating for premises in Albany, with a view to establishing a Shelter. A

It is worthy of note that five native West India officers have recently been promoted to the ranks of the Field Staff in Jamaica. Each of these colored comrades have seen considerable service.

Last year Jamaica did \$250 for S. D. They are aiming at \$500 this.

ITALY.

From Italy also comes some encouraging item. Pisa, the seat of the great Catholic University, is Brigadier Gibbons' latest opening. The hall is crowded out every night, and students flock to the meetings despite the violent opposition of the Catholic Press.

An Italian officer in a New York corps has written Brigadier Gibbons saying that he hopes soon to return, with his wife and daughter, who are also soldiers, to his native village, where he wishes to see a corps opened. He offers to pay one year's rent of a hall, and will also provide 100 New Testaments and 100 "Grito de Guerras" (War Cris).

As indicating the changed attitude of the police authorities in Italy, it may be mentioned that eight constables in Leghorn contributed to the recent Self-Denial effort, one sergeant being very zealous with a collecting-eard.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

The Staff of the Paris Headquarters are evidently careful not to unnecessarily feed their vanity. Colonel Lawley remarks that there is not so much as a single looking glass to be found on the building.

Big drums would seem to be an almost equally unknown quantity among our French comrades. There is only one bass drum in the entire Nineteenth Division, and, owing to a train not being up to time, the General had to wait a whole day before one of these very necessary instruments could be found for use in his campaign.

AUSTRALIA.

The following item in the latest Australian Cry will be of interest to Canadians: "A change has also been decided upon by the Commandant in reference to his private shorthand. Staff-Capt. McMillan, who has occupied this position so long. The Commandant, after paying a grateful tribute to the fidelity of his young Lieutenant, appointed him to the South Australian Colony War Office, as accountant, thus freeing Staff-Captain Leonard, who takes up a similar position in Melbourne."

INDIA and CEYLON.

In Ceylon, six more Army halls have now been licensed by the Governor for marriage services, and the officers stationed at this corps are now legally entitled to conduct wedding services.

Commissioner Higgins, Resident Indian Secretary, is at present touring in the Punjab and North-West Provinces. Self-Denial Week is now in progress in each Territory, save in the Familee-affected districts.

OUR BERMUDA BOYS.

Secretary Howe, of the Naval and Military League, who recently left Bermuda with his regiment of marines, writes from England to the Chief Secretary as follows:

S. A. Home, Aldershot, December 9th, 1899.

"We are making every preparation to sail for Africa in a few days. God grant that this terrible war shall soon be brought to a close. The grief of broken-hearted mothers, wives and children is heart-rending to look upon."

We received a very warm welcome from the Adjutant in charge of the Military Work here. A nice, comfortable home has been opened since last I visited Aldershot. Major Allan is paying us a visit in a few days to have a welcome cup of tea with us, and in all probability it will be a farewell, too. If we go to the front you will hear from us when opportunity affords.

Sec. W. J. C. Howe."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD DURING 1899.

The Record of Happenings of 1899 embraces many and various subjects, and a glance over its most prominent features may serve as a fitting introduction of a general news column, which we will endeavor to give weekly after this date.

The year 1898 closed rather promisingly of peace and prosperity. The Spanish-American War had been concluded and the peace treaty had been signed, by the terms of which Spain relinquished her sovereignty over Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, which became U. S. A. possessions, with the promise of independence for Cuba. The United States paid the sum of 20 million dollars to Spain for the Philippine Islands.

In France the Basoda Question had greatly agitated the public, and at one time it looked like war between Great Britain and France, but the affair was peacefully settled.

The Grete insurrection had also been terminated, and Prince George of Greece had just taken hold of the governorship of the Island. The Czar had issued his famous Peace Rescript, and Canada had introduced penny postage within its domain, as well as co-operated with the British Imperial authorities in introducing Penny Postage to England and the Colonies. So the New Year of 1899 opened propitiously, but for a cloud as big as a man's hand appearing over South Africa.

We have, in past editions dwelt upon the history of the present South African War, which old 1899 leaves as its legacy to young 1900, therefore, we need not further touch on that issue. The war began on October 10th, and it is to be feared, will last for some months yet.

The Peace Congress.

The Czar's Peace Rescript met with enthusiastic response with all friends of Peace and enemies of War, but they were rather in a small minority. Still, the fact that such a gathering was actually convened is, in itself, a distinct gain to the cause of humanity. Disarmament failed, but a few modifications of the cruelty and suffering connected with war were discussed and embodied in a document which most of the nations represented at The Hague subscribed to. The Congress was opened at The Hague, Holland, on May 18th, the Birthday of the Czar, and closed on the 1st of August.

The Philippine Islands.

The United States assumed nominal control of the Philippine Islands at the beginning of the year, and a proclamation to that effect was issued by the U. S. A. authorities, but met with a counter-proclamation of Aguinaldo, the Filipino Leader, who demanded independence for the Islands, and who proclaimed himself as the Constitutional President of the Filipino Republic. From this action arose war between the Filipinos and the Americans, which has lasted throughout the entire year, and has demanded 75,000 American troops, and the end thereof is not yet.

The Trials and Troubles of France.

The Basoda Question having been successfully settled without war, France had to combat against internal divisions and strife, which was rife at the beginning of the year. Anarchists were anxious to upset the Republic, which was assailed also by the Royalists and Imperialists, each anxious and waiting to spring a surprise on the Government, and by creating disturbances, find a pretext for usurping power. President Faure died on Feb. 16th, and Loubet was elected, who once showed himself a strong man, capable of managing a strong ministry.

The Dreyfus case was revived and a new trial granted. Captain Alfred Dreyfus had been condemned to life-long imprisonment on Devil's Island for treason, in 1894. His conviction, at first, seemed unjust at the time, and subsequent revelations, especially those by Zola, the novelist, proved that the unfortunate man was innocent. The new trial commanded the attention of the world while it lasted,

and was reported in every land. The verdict "guilty," however, was found by the judges, and Dreyfus was condemned to ten years' imprisonment. Thereupon arose a storm of indignation throughout Christendom. The French Government compromised matters by pardoning Dreyfus, whose health was very precarious, and he was reunited with his devoted wife and family.

The Venezuelan Dispute.

This affair, which had for a brief moment created, four years ago, a friction between England and the United States, had been submitted to arbitration, and the commission who convened at Paris early in the year, pronounced their award in October to the satisfaction of Great Britain and Venezuela. So another bone of contention has been removed.

The Alaskan Boundary.

Not so successful has been the negotiations between Washington and Ottawa regarding the Alaskan boundary dispute. Great Britain was unable to suggest a mode of settlement satisfactory to both Governments, but a truce has been agreed upon by a temporary boundary line, which has been most beneficial in strengthening the good feeling which ought to exist between neighbors.

Australian Federation.

On February 2nd the five Australian Colonies formulated a plan of federation somewhat similar to the Dominion of Canada, and subsequent polls of votes carried the proposal to every colony. This step is to be welcomed, as are all measures that tend to unite together—and to do away with fences between men.

Samoa.

These Islands had for some years been governed by a native King under the advice of representatives of Great Britain, United States, and Germany. This system appeared to work rather unsatisfactory and its frictions provoked uprisings among the natives at the death of the old King. The prospects appeared rather dark, for serious complications among the three powers arose, but good judgment prevailed over blind passion and a settlement was reached in October, whereby the old form of government is abandoned, the U. S. A. retains one of the Islands, while Germany takes over the others, and Great Britain receives in exchange of her equity some other Islands in the Pacific, hitherto held by Germany. This arrangement apparently satisfied all parties concerned.

Other Features of 1899.

Finland, who hitherto has enjoyed a certain measure of independence since its incorporation in the Russian Empire, has felt the hand of the Czar, who has over-ridden the Finnish Parliament, by issuing a decree demanding certain measures which connects the Finnish army more with the general army of Russia, and drafts Finnish regiments for service anywhere in the Empire. Norway and Sweden, hitherto under one King, although having separate Parliaments, have conceived a dislike for each other, and it is feared the breach may become serious. Among the most noteworthy deaths of the year have been the Count of Caprioli (Feb. 6), former Chancellor of the German Empire; the Czar's wife, Grand Duke George, of Russia (July 10); and the Rev. Dwight L. Moody, the well-known evangelist (Dec. 22).

The Queen.

We cannot conclude this political review without commencing the celebration of the Queen's 80th birthday, on May 24th, 1899. Her Majesty Queen Victoria has ruled over a longer period than any other living monarch of the world. Coming to the throne when a young girl, she has seen a change of ruler in every nation, while her own empire has prospered and developed in a remarkable degree, till today England and her colonies in all quarters of the globe are united by a firmer and more lasting bond than that of law and force—the bond of sympathy and freedom. There have been few monarchs so sincerely and devotedly loved by their subjects as Queen Victoria.

Catastrophes.

The catastrophes of 1899 are quite numerous. Among the shipwrecks stand out the wreck of the "Stella," in the English Channel, and the "Scotman," on Belle Island. The steamer "Paris," having on board 430 passengers, struck the rocks near Palmouth, but its living cargo was saved entirely and afterwards the great ship was rescued. Hurricanes did great damage

on the English coast, in Bermuda, and the West Indies, also in Japan. Famines have visited Russia and is now ravaging India. The Plague has been again at her harvest in India, visiting also China and touching in Portugal. Mining disasters record a loss of 21 men killed, near Cardiff, Eng., and 160 men entombed in an explosion in the Caledonian Mines of our Dominion.

Women's Social Secretary at Medicine Hat and Winnipeg.

Crowded Church and Deep Interest at Medicine Hat—Fort Rescue's Successful Anniversary at Winnipeg—Campaign Splendid—Hearty Greeting—Women's Social Secretary Addresses Gathering in Grace Church—

Crowded Barracks—Good Offerings—League of Mercy Organized—Musical Meeting.

Medicine Hat corps has been favored with a visit from Mrs. Brigadier Read. The meeting was held in the Methodist Church, which was crowded. Mrs. Read took for her subject, "Humanity's Driftwood."

Rev. Mr. Scarlett presided over the meeting, and, after the opening ceremonies introduced Mrs. Read as the "Francis E. Willard" of Canada. Mrs. Read went right into the subject, and for over an hour spoke with wonderful power. The people were delighted with her talk, and not a few went away more than ever impressed that the Salvation Army was doing a wonderful work through the agency that Mrs. Read represented. Rev. Mr. Scarlett asked the people for a collection to be given in aid of the Rescue Work. They responded and gave \$11.25.

Rev. Mr. McDonald, of the Baptist Church, was called upon for a few words, and said his heart had been touched by what he had heard in the meeting. He then called for a vote of thanks to Mrs. Read, which was seconded by Bro. H. Wilke, and carried by a real good clapping of hands. Mrs. Read ably responded. The meeting closed with singing "God be with you till we meet again." The people felt the privilege to attend one of the best meetings they had attended for a long time, and Mrs. Read can always feel assured of a good welcome should she visit Medicine Hat again, which we all hope she will do.—Capt. Annie Hurst, C. O.

The Winnipeg Campaign.

Winnipeg has long been promised a visit from the Woman's Social Secretary, Brigadier Mrs. Read, and after what seemed a very long time, the dates and Mrs. Read arrived.

At 8 p.m. on Saturday the hall was quite filled with, for the most part, old and true friends, to greet once again their old leader, Brigadier Read, and the warmth of affection was equal on both sides. It being hard to determine who was the most pleased, Mrs. Read, or the audience. The meeting was simply a welcome meeting, and was taken up with an exchange of kindly feelings. Informal as it was real, and was enjoyed by all, everyone separating in good spirits for the morrow.

Sunday, 11 a.m. Oh, beautiful! There was a "good" feeling in the well-filled hall as the band struck up the old familiar strains of—

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour."

Old memories were revived as the Brigadier took her place before the congregation. Could she forget the old days? Could we? Oh, no! Wet eyes all over the hall spoke more eloquently than words (though they were not withheld) of the dear and sacred memories of him who had stood there with her only a few brief months before. Not a heart there but what throbbed in sympathy with the brave

woman who struggled against her feelings to be a blessing to us all. Nor did she fail. It was a blessed time!

In Prison.

At 3 p.m. some of the best people of the city gathered in their turn to say, "Winnipeg has not forgotten you, Mrs. Read." The subject was, "The Army's Work in the Prisons," and was listened to with warm attention. Evidently sympathy is with the Army in the Social work, if we judged by the interest of the congregation.

Mrs. Read, surpassed herself in the evening effort to bless, and win, and save. The Spirit of God brooded over us all, and when the prayer meeting opened there seemed little disposition to move or leave the meeting. One man came forward and was saved. Bless God! There were many there who should have come, who trembled in their seats with conviction, which was stamped on their countenances. "O God, save them quick, or they perish." But God blessed us, and we closed full of joy because God had saved us. Bless Him!

On Monday evening a musical meeting was the program. The band, turning out again and a bright, enjoyable time was spent.

Anniversary in Grace Church.

The Grace Church was kindly placed at our disposal for the Rescue Anniversary, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Cleaver, consented to take the chair. The beautiful church was brightened by the scarlet uniforms and happy faces of the Salvationists scattered here and there among the many sympathizers of the Rescue Work in Winnipeg. Mr. Cleaver spoke most kind words both of Mrs. Read and her work, introducing her as the speaker of the evening. Brigadier then rose and in a few words expressed herself pleased at the number present, referring to the hospitality of Grace Church's former pastor and people in by-gone days, after which she spoke of the rescue of the fallen; first, the causes, and then the remedies for this evil, and why the Army was so successful in dealing with the social outcasts. Then Mr. Cleaver made an appeal for the collection, which was a liberal one, the citizens again testifying in a practical way of their faith in our work. Major Southall now announced Dr. Yeomans, who is so well known throughout the country as a strong and practical advocate of temperance and purity. She pleaded for our sisters, asking that every fallen one might be viewed as our sister. Then followed a genuine God-speed from the Provincial President of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Stewart, on behalf of the society. Major Jewer sang a solo, accompanying herself on the guitar, and after a few words by Major Southall this successful series of meetings closed by the singing of the doxology.—S. E. O.



Around the Xmas Camp Fire

By BRIGADIER WM. H. COX.

THE SOCIAL OFFICER'S STORY.

After a pause of expectancy as to who would be the next to take the floor, the Social Officer, Capt. Griggs, slowly rose to his feet, and, after clearing his throat, began:

"I had some very notable Christmases before I was saved. You know, to unconverted fellows of my stamp, Christmas is a season greatly given up to drink and debauchery. You will remember the lines—

'Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.'

These might have been very well changed to—

'Christmas comes but once a year,
When it comes it means plenty of beer.'

With all the train of evils that follow a free use of the cup that inebriates more than it cheers.

"But I take it that experiences to-night must be confined to what has happened since conversion?"

An affirmative nod having been given, Griggs proceeded:

"Very well, then. I never had, and never expect to have, a more notable Christmas than that spent at K—. as an assistant in our Shelter there. It was on Christmas morning that G— got converted. You remember G—. Formerly a man of high standing in the community, but who had gradually lost his business, his reputation, and nearly his soul through the accursed liquor.

"The poor fellow had been drinking for years before the time I speak of, and, to anybody but a Salvationist, appeared to be a thoroughly hopeless case. His relatives had spent a small fortune in trying to reform him, all to no avail. He had sunk apparently to the depths, and earned a miserable living by doing chores around various saloons and dives. However, I must say that, owing to his family connections, a certain amount of respect was paid him, and there were few houses of any sort, if any, who would refuse a hand-out to Christopher G—. He was, indeed, pitted a great deal more than himself. He was the forlorn hope of his churches and missions. Strange to say, a deep-seated prejudice against the Salvation Army existed in the minds of G—'s relatives, who, in spite of the scourge of their unfortunate relative's infirmity, and its resultant humiliation, were too proud to invoke the aid and prayers of the Army.

"That did not stop us from doing our duty. In addition to praying for him, we dealt personally with him whenever we had the chance of doing so.

"Well, comrades, on Christmas Eve G—, unknown to his relatives, came around to the Shelter for a free bed, as he lacked even the few pennies which would have paid for one. He shouted, 'Praise the Lord!' directly I saw him, and believed the time for the answering of our prayers was at hand. We gave him supper, a bath, and a decent rig-out. This kindness was far from being lost on our fallen brother. He tried to thank us in an incoherent and somewhat maudlin kind of way; then, after we had given him the extra cup of coffee, he seemed to sober up and take a great interest in what we had to say.

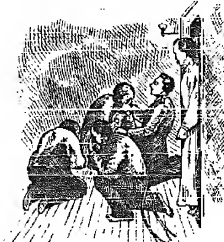
"I was, fortunately, on night duty at the time, and took the poor fellow under my special care. Business was rather brisk, and seeing that I should not be able to pay much attention to him until after the new had been allotted their beds, I gave him a Testament and a few old War Crys to read, getting in a word or two occasionally and taking the precaution to lock the office door.

"As business slackened up, I got him to read the story of the Prodigal Son, and related the stories of a few converted drunkards which were known to me, urging upon him the possibility, and desirability of his own deliverance.

"It was a long task and a hard one.

and midnight had long passed before much encouragement was apparent. Then, in a tone of confidence, he said: 'It is very kind of you to waste my time and effort over me, but it is all to no account unless you can show me what I have done to merit God's mercy. People do one another a good turn either because they have been the recipients or one themselves, or expect to be later. I assure you I have never, to my knowledge, done a single thing with the intention of pleasing God, and do not expect to, and therefore cannot reasonably expect Him to do as you say He has done for others.'

"It did not take me long to answer by explaining the difference between God's love and that of man, and in the height of my anxiety I forgot my surroundings, and must frankly confess I got on my knees and lifted up my voice to Heaven in such a manner that the place was soon in an uproar. There was a lot of grumbling on the part of the disturbed slumbers, and the officer in charge came running on in his night-shirt to see what was the matter. He soon found out, and, not taking the time to dress, he joined heartily with me in prayer. A few saved men among the patrons dressed and joined us. I have never been in a more powerful prayer meeting than that. We laid siege to the Throne of Grace, and felt something must happen or we should die.



The Captain in his "White Robe," and others, join in the Midnight Prayer Meeting.

"G— felt the power too, and fell beneath it. We got him to pray for himself, which he did with a broken voice and many sobs. He was saved right there and then, and we had an impromptu wind-up, in which G— expressed his determination to confess Christ before the whole town the next—or rather, later on the same—day, for Christmas Day had already been ushered in.

"He did it, too. The news got around town like wildfire that G— had been reclaimed by the Salvation Army, and would speak from his platform at 8 p.m. Needless to say the barracks was jammed, and a profound sensation created as the once disconsolate G—, now sobered and saved, clean shaven and respectfully clothed, stepped to the front, and in a voice choked with emotion, gave his testimony.

"The effect was electric. A dry eye could not be seen. Right then, in the middle of the meeting, the audience crowded to the front and shook hands with G— and congratulated him. There was no attempt to control the human hands.

"The local corps, hitherto a 'hard core,' took a new lease of life after that, and the officers could always depend on a \$5 note by calling on G—'s friends when they lacked it elsewhere.

"It is a pity you did not take notes of his testimony, so that we might have enjoyed the reading of them," remarked the Major's father.

"Well, I have the testimony verbatim in my trunk in the next room. You know I am not very much of a hand at this kind of thing, but I got the 'Chronicle' man, whom I was acquainted with, to give me a duplicate of his report, which appeared in the paper in an abbreviated form the next morning."

The MR. was fetched, and the company listened with very mixed feelings to the following remarkable testimony: "Being a man of strong emotions, I was, of course, a heavy drinker.

My brothers and sisters all used the influence, and I made all kinds of promises to do better; but, as I have told you before, a drinking man's promise to stop is no good.

"Well, I went on, and in 1887 had my first attack of delirium tremens. This time I saw all kinds of horrors—some on the wall and some on the floor, and one, I will never forget, was in my mouth scratching my throat, and I could neither swallow nor spit it out. Then came nineteen men to hit me in the hip, and, oh, such torture! As soon as one torment would leave, something would call up some other torture at once. That was the first attack when I was under the doctor's care. It lasted ten days, and I did not speak aloud for weeks afterwards. I had, I suppose, injured my throat trying to dislocate that lizard. 'Well, dear friends, I suppose you will say that surely stopped me. No! Only a few days, and I was at it again harder than ever. I was in the room business at the time, and the attack of tremens was in the shop, and if I am not mistaken six policemen were present, and one hit a dear old woman, who happened to be there at the time, dared to come near me. That isn't giving our police a very good recommendation, but I tell you, dear friends, it took a man with some nerve to handle a man with whiskey imps around him.

"Oh, yes, I quit this time sure—just two weeks, and then started in with a full force of fingers 'croaking' up in great shape. But my stomach was giving out, and I would have strange feelings, such as picking spiders out of my ears, or hairs off my tongue, stage 1. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 2. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 3. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 4. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 5. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 6. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 7. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 8. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 9. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 10. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 11. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 12. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 13. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 14. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 15. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 16. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 17. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 18. Keep at it, boys, and you will stage 19. 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The Old Year Triumphantly Terminated On the Field.

Corps Correspondents' Confidential Chat.

CAN'T you give us a poluter or two on reporting?" Such has been the almost invariable request when a War Cry Correspondent has met one of the Editorial Staff. These reminders, added to the recognition which we already had of the need, convinced us that the column which we are now starting would be both acceptable and useful.

A correspondent's commission is an important one. The war intelligence dispatched from the military field is only entrusted to men who have proved themselves in possession of three qualifications—power to see what is of vital importance, ability to represent the same in an interesting manner, and a personal courage which will thrust them far from the rear where nothing is seen or heard of actual strife.

These three great essentials are no less to be looked for in the reporter of Salvation conflicts. In fact, without them, he is but an insufficient link between the event which occurs and the public which wants to know about it.

The Corps Correspondent must have eyes to see. He must be able to discern between the unimportant and essential happenings of a day's fight. How too often has the mistake been made of missing importance in triviality. There are, for instance, in almost every series of Sunday's meetings, at least one or more events which are original in themselves and calculated to hold influence over the future. Yet, in many cases, the Correspondent will wade through the ordinary occurrences, which have been noted at least a dozen times before, and either forget or overlook the important event altogether. Discernment is, therefore, a great need, and a gift which should and must be cultivated.

Then, a Correspondent must present his information in the quickest, clearest, and most readable form possible. There is a way of making even the most interesting facts appear the dullest, the difference being entirely made by the dry and generally lengthy style in which the report is written.

The General's rule for speaking is as appropriate to the speech of the pen—"Have something to say, say it, stop." It will repay every Correspondent and immeasurably increase his value to the war if he will cultivate the art of presenting his reports in the most terse and effective manner possible.

Finally, the Corps Correspondent should be in himself a "count-rank" man. If he is absent from the open-air, missing at the knee-drill, and not in evidence at the prayer meetings, he will have to depend upon hearsay for what may occur at these engagements. Only being on the spot at the time an event occurs can lend the glow of inspiration to the reporter's pen. It is scarcely necessary to assert that the Correspondent should, in all cases and at all times, be endued with the spirit of the war.

We have barely touched on the needs of Army reporters in these introductory remarks, as the subject will be fully threshed out from week to week. We propose to give in each issue after this a few paragraphs of hints. We shall also give special prominence to the best report of the week, and possibly the worst—in the case of the latter, name of place and writer will, of course, be withheld. We have too much respect for our Correspondents to expose their weaknesses, save to themselves, and will only publish their identification when they rank amongst the honored.

BARRE.—Our Self-Denial is a thing of the past, but with faith and work we went \$12 over our target, and this is the largest sum ever raised in Barre. Special credit should be given to the Juniors, who almost doubled their target. The people gave liberally and some spoke words of encouragement. We had a good crowd at Bishop Tucker's lantern service. Souls in the Fountain since last report.—Zaccheus.

BELLEVILLE.—About two months ago Adjt. Kendall took charge of Belleville. The work has been a very

Brigadier Pugmire. The meetings all through were times of blessing, power, and soul-saving. Their songs and addresses were full of inspiration, and another visit from either or both would be hailed by all. Thirteen souls knelt at the Cross. S.D. target smashed. Everybody worked well, and God blessed us in return. We enrolled seven new soldiers, and saw three seeking salvation during S.D. Week. His arm is not shortened. Mrs. Coombs has been near the river several times during the past few weeks. God is raising her up. Praise His name! We would like to thank all the comrades for their prayers and kind letters.—T. Coombs, Adjt.

COATICOKE.—Our hall, which was closed occasionally on account of a bad furnace, is now fitted out with a new one. Now our home is quite comfortable for all, and interest is increasing weekly. Our meetings at the outpost last week were times of blessing, when one young woman gave herself to God. War Cry sold out every week, with profit.—S. E. Dawson, Capt. M. E. Cook, Lieut.

DIGBY.—Self-Denial is over, and we are looking forward to a winter of

are working nights. Night or day, it doesn't interfere with P. S. M. Morrison. His War Cry district must get its rounds, and the customers look for him to appear each week with his smiling face and the Cry.—G. P. Thompson.

HALIFAX I.—Since last report a few souls have sought and professed to find salvation. We are having good meetings. The Lord is moving upon the hearts of the unsaved. We had Adjt. Hunter with us on Sunday. He has improved greatly after his long siege of sickness. May the Lord bless and make him strong in body.—Treas. Caslin.

HANTS HARBOR.—Our S.D. target at Hants Harbor was \$41, and we reached it. Besides this, our soldiers are doing all they can in the building of a large new barracks, which will be a real beauty. Three at the Mercy Seat on Sunday night for salvation. A blessed day was spent for God.—Capt. England.

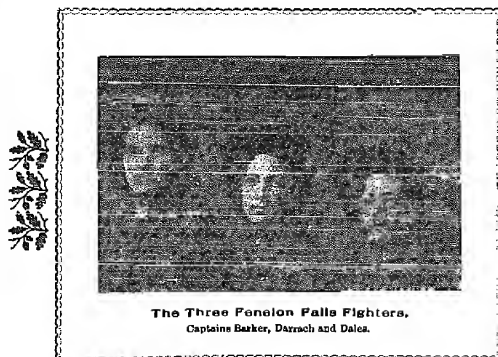
HILLSEBORO, N. B.—We cannot boast of a large corps (one soldier) nor a brass band, but we can say, "The Lord Jehovah is our Helper." We have not yet seen souls crying to God for mercy, but believe that through meetings, invitations, War Cry selling, etc., good has been done. We have reached our Self-Denial target (\$50) it meant lots of hard work, but it has done our souls good and brought us many new friends for the work. Capt. Fancey, and Lieutenant Brown.

Major Turner Puts in a Full Sunday

HUNTSVILLE.—On Saturday and Sunday we had Major Turner with us. A rousing welcome meeting Saturday night. At knee-drill 13 got blessed by early rising. An interesting talk to the children at 10 a.m. cheered every heart. In the holiness meeting, after a summing-up of Stephen's life and the application, four believers sought strength for abidance to an all-tennis for God. A happy free and easy in the afternoon, ending with a Juniors' meeting. At night we closed one of the best meetings for months with four more in the Fountain. One backslider returned, and the others were volunteers, making a total of eight for the day. A short soldiers' meeting then wound up the proceedings, and everybody says, "Come again." Major and God bless Headquarters and Huntsville combined.—Yours, J. H. Sergt.-Major.

LEAMINGTON.—The three souls reported some weeks ago are still standing. Powerful meeting last night. Still fighting from trench to trench. Making a new move to capture prisoners.—Lewis E. McCall.

MINNEBODA.—Again we can report victory for Self-Denial, having reached our target of \$125, with quite a bit over. Two or three of the soldiers worked especially hard. Lieut. Emberton also deserves great praise for the way in which he worked, travelling many, many miles, and collecting the magnificent sum of \$68.10.—Edward Kemm, Capt.



The Three Fenslon Falls Fighters.
Captains Barker, Darnach and Dalea.

up-hill one, yet it has advanced. Some have been seeking holiness of heart and life. War Cry generally all sold out. We have 250 Christmas War Crys to sell, and we shall dispose of them.—John.

BELLEVILLE DISTRICT.—Two months ago I came to this District. I have visited all the corps. Pictou, Bloomfield, Deseronto, Tweed, and Trenton, with some encouraging results. Some out for salvation and some out for holiness. The officers are a humble, willing lot. Grand victories in our Self-Denial effort in the different corps. All the officers have done their best. The champions are: Captain Grose, Capt. and Mrs. Bearehell, of Trenton and Tweed.—F. C. Kendall.

BROOKLIN.—We are truly grateful to God for the accomplishments of the past month. We have reached our S.D. target after a long pull. Crowds and interest are increasing, and we are having real victory in our spiritual experience.—T. J. McKee, Capt.

BURIN.—We have just safely got through the Self-Denial battle. Our target was smashed, our souls blessed, and our faith raised. One young man came out last night and claimed victory—the first since our coming. We have also laid the foundation of our new quarters. Some of our comrades are going away for two months, to the horrible fishery. May God keep them true to Him. E. H., for Capt. Hisecock.

CANNING, N. S.—Wonderful week of victory. After three weeks' hard fighting against the powers of darkness, the break came at last, and for the week-end we can report seven genuine cases. Still there's more to follow. Crowded meetings and deep conviction.—Cadet Comoros, for Capt. Tuilev.

Conquering Chatham

CHATHAM.—We have just had a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Margetta and

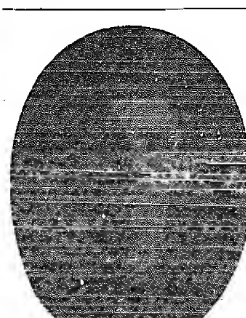
hard work and victory. Special mention should be made of dear Bro. and Sister Adams, who, although nearly worn out through watching their son through a serious illness, yet found time to collect over \$40 for S.D., also the Sergt.-Major, who was, with other comrades, to the front with his target. Self-Denial has been a source of great blessing to us all.—Laura B. Trafton, Capt. Elmie Hambold, Lieut.

DRAYTON.—Our officer has had another attack of inflammation, and was under the doctor's care for about a week, but he is now improving. We hope he will soon be able to resume his duties. Good meetings all day Sunday, led by Bro. Hill. One backslider reclaimed in the afternoon. Our crowds are increasing. We had with us last night (Monday) our G. B. M. Agent, Ensign Hoddinott, with his lantern and graphophone. Although it was a wet night we had a good crowd and a good income.—Rose Cooper.

EDMONTON.—Although you have not heard from us through the Cry for some time, let me tell you we are having victory. Two souls have sought and found Jesus in the past few days. Soldiers in good spirits.—N. Meyer, Capt.

"Just for the Asking"

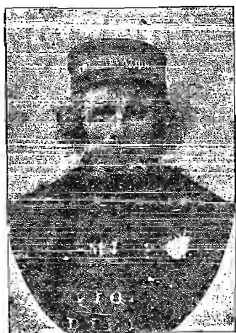
GLACE BAY.—A little over a month ago we arrived here and found a good, loyal lot of soldiers. They see that their officers are well looked after. When asking how much it had to pay for coal, for I reckoned it would be cheap in a coal mining district like this, "Oh, just the asking," one comrade replied. This statement has been verified, and others. Since the explosion of the Caledonia Mines the men have been put on night shifts, to make room for all hands, as half the mine is full of water. This makes it a little awkward in our corps, as some weeks more than half of our soldiers



Capt. Dowell, Blenheim, Ont.



Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Blenheim, Ont.



Father VanEdmond, of Clinton, Ont.

Was 58 years of age in December, 1890. 71 years ago he pioneered Hnrou County and broke sod on the first road. 15 years ago he was saved, under Captain Banks, now Mrs. Adjt. Maltby.

MITCHELL.—Sunday one more backslider returned to the fold. A hard-fought prayer meeting preceded this surrender. Others were convicted and we are believing for them.—Capt. Jordonson.

NANAIMO.—N-anaimo is still alive, A—fter all that has been said, N—ever will we fear the foe, A—nd we'll banish old Satan's head. I—a the name of Christ, our King, O—my souls to Him we'll bring. O—a to victory, we will slay.—Magpie.

NEW GLASGOW.—We have some red-hot, Blood-and-Fire soldiers here, in the shape of Trans. Mathers, Door-Keeper J. McKenzie, and a host of others, too many to mention, who are not afraid to lick the devil in the open-air, and call sin, sin. Praise God! Now that our Father has spread the white carpet over the earth our crowds are going, yet I am glad to report four souls for Sunday, Dec. 10th.—Boy-o'-Blue.

OTTAWA.—Capt. Bethune received a welcome on her arrival to take charge of the Rescue Home. A song-service entitled, "Sowing the seed and reaping the whirlwind," was given by Mrs. Major Hargrave. The congregation asked for a continuation, which was given on the following Thursday. Six wanderers have been to the Cross since last report.—Sergt. A. French, R. C.

RIDGETOWN.—A good day yesterday. At night one soul volunteered for salvation.—Lieut. Kitchen, for Captain Mathers.

Salvation Volunteers for the Front. **ST. CATHARINES.**—Last night six courages took their stand and were enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire Flag to fight for King Jesus. Hallelujah.—Lieut. B. Calvert, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

ST. JOHNS I., Nfld.—On Wednesday night we had a very interesting meeting, led by Capt. Norman, from the Shelter, entitled, "The Voyage of Life," in which the old Gospel Ship was well represented. At the close two souls left the old stranded wreck of sin.—S. Morgan, for Captain McLean.

TILT COVE.—Brigadier Sharp was with us for the week-end. The soldiers turned out well on Saturday night to greet the Brigadier. Ensign Gosling read an address to the Brigadier, who then spoke of his travels through England, Scotland, Canada, and Newfoundland. Sunday was a day long to be remembered by the people of Tilt Cove. Four out for full salvation at the holiness meeting. The Brigadier gave magnificent address on Harvest Festival and Self-Denial in the afternoon. Mighty time of conviction at night, though none yielded.—L. Smart, R. O.

TWILLINGATE.—We have had a visit from our P. O., Brigadier Sharp, which was a great blessing to us all. He spent two nights with us. Two souls were saved. We are in for victory in S.-D.—E. G. C.

UXBRIDGE.—Ensign Burrows with us Saturday and Sunday. The lantern

service Saturday night was very impressive, and as the scenes were shown many wept. Sunday morning, two out for the blessing of a clean heart. Afternoon meeting, two for pardon, also one soul out in night meeting, making a total of five for the day.—M. L. R. C.

VANCOUVER.—A Hallelujah Wedding took place on Wednesday night. The contracting parties were Lieut. Ed. Ellison and William Elkford. Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Galt were with us for the occasion. The harnicks was pucked to the doors. Both Bro. and Sister Elkford are two faithful warriors of this corps, and many kind compliments were paid to both. Thursday was announced as a farewell meeting, which also brought a large crowd out, the farewell of our worthy Brigadier Howell. He said good-bye to a host of friends in Vancouver.—B. Norman R. C.

Farewell to the Saved Sailor Boys.

VICTORIA, B. C.—We have welcomed Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd, who have taken charge of the Shelter, which has been re-opened. A musical meeting and coffee social went off very well. Our sailors had a farewell meeting on Sunday. They led the afternoon freedom song, and were also present at night. These meetings were crowded and the spirit good. We are very sorry to lose the Blue-Jackets, who have orders to proceed south. Bro. Johnstone, from the War, is bright, free, and real happy; he has been saved 14 months. He reports good meetings held every night on board ship. There are now 14 saved men on board, a little handful among the 600 souls on the Warspite. We shall miss the music of Bro. Prinn, from H. M. S. "Phaeton." He has been saved for years. Sailors make grand Christians. We shall miss their bright, happy faces. One got saved a few weeks ago, and as Lieutenant went around with her War Cry, some sailors in a saloon asked her what she had done to "Taylor." "Now he is changed, the Army must have done something to him." God bless "Taylor," the last convert, and keep him firm and true. The boys collected well for Self-Denial before leaving. Self-Denial is all right—of course we have got our target. The champion collectors were Sister Ada Lewis, who got \$58, next, Lieut. Mand Patterson, \$52, Sister Mortimer, \$40; Staff-Capt. Galt, \$38. All the soldiers did splendidly, men as well as women, Bro. Porter leading on the men's side. Captain

Pergett, from the sailing fleet, collected \$18, and gave in \$20 himself, making his donation \$38. God bless Capt. Pergett. Lieut. Patterson farewelled. We are sorry indeed to lose her. Capt. LeDrew comes to fill her place.—M. Lewis.

WOODSTOCK, N. E.—I am pleased to be able to report a few penitents lately. People delighted with Commissioner's visit. Hope she will come again soon, when the weather is fine. Our S.-D. efforts has proved a success and blessing. Target of \$140 is being



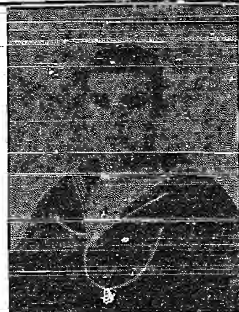
Brother Coombs, Leading Signaller of H. M. S. "Phaeton," now at Esquimaux, B.C.

smashed. Lieut. Denkin just arrived on the 14th to put the falching torch to it. Dear Father Walden, a Crinoe veteran, is always on hand for S.-D. He raised \$7.35 down country. Bro. Knox raised \$5.05 in the tannery. Bro. Hussy, \$3.35 in foundry. Sergeant Carthy, \$3. Sec. Churchill, \$15. Sergt-Major beads the list with \$18. The noted P. E. S. challenged all the soldiers and came out on top. Sister Adherton raised \$3.25 in the Wrapper Factory. Our friends here believe in the Army. I was enabled by the grace of God and with kind friends, to raise \$52.—F. Knight, Ensign.

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Courage is fire, and bullying is smoke. Good is more readily tainted by evil, than evil corrected by good.



Brother Prinn, Torpedo Instructor, H. M. S. "Phaeton," now at Esquimaux, B. C.



Brother Harry Ellis, Stoker of H. M. S. "Phaeton," a Victoria convert, now an enrolled soldier.



Winnipeg's Xmas Treat.

Major Southall's Free Xmas Dinner has been an immense success, as his telegram in this issue will explain. He set good machinery in motion to secure this result. "The Tribune" of the 20th December, inserts this notice:

The plan for the giving of a dinner to 1,000 poor people on Christmas Day is being pushed vigorously by methods varying from a man in grotesque uniform on a bicycle, to a common-place pot hung on a tripod at the street corners. The pot is securely covered, leaving an opening only to admit a coin. Besides the fare given in money, many donations of meat and other edibles are being sent."

Good advertising is indispensable with success of any public work.

—//—
Hamilton II. Feels Good.

Staff-Captain Manton had a chat with Capt. Clink, and hands in a crisp note. (Ta-ta, Daddy!)

We had a visit from Capt. Clink, Hamilton II. She reports a good time in her corps. One man, a terrible drunkard, got saved. He says when he feels the terrible desire coming on he goes to bed for a time. Eight soldiers were enrolled on Friday night. Things are looking up, and there is every prospect of a first-rate corps in the old barracks. The Captain feels good."

—//—
"Coming Events, etc."

Major Hargrave has been in the city, and had an interview with the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary. That means possibly some further developments of an interesting nature. Watch the Cry for it.

—//—
Kiandike News.

Captain LeCoeq, in a private letter, mentions the opening of a public reading room in connection with a new hall, secured in a very public place. He writes:

"Our new building on Second Ave. was opened Tuesday the 21th with great success. Two ministers were present on the platform, and others in their remarks said some very nice things about the S. A. public reading room in connection with this hall. About \$60 were raised at the opening. We are ice tight. The Yukon steamer Stratton snuck on her way to Dawson; the mail and everything lost, but the passengers saved."

—//—
Notice.

"Our History Class" has been unavoidably held over for our next issue. Wanted—Contributions of all classes suitable for publication in the War Cry. Wanted—Opinions of our readers as to what portion of the Cry appeals most to them, and is of greatest interest to them.

Get justly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly.

THE WAR Commissioner KI

The leader of the So forces had not long returned introductory tour in the J islon—where the preparati on the part of the Brit authorities were becoming more formidable—when Correspondent sought and interview with him for t War Cry readers.

"Did you catch any glit war, sir?"

"Well, so far as actual concerned, of course no signs of war were every seen, especially round Queenstown, the last place here there was clear evid of difficulty. But let me ousier that to an ex-soldier, experience of the past few have been full of the sens landed at Port Elizabeth had a good time, with a blessing for soldier, saint, but getting away when ome was quite another discovered our retreat by off, the authorities featur

Presence of Bo

at certain important po line. However, these war by sea, and so by boat to East London. Then the sorts of rumors and fear being able to get on from that's Town to Queenst while, happily, were re latter place, was a verit military activity, the B selected this as one of the camp was set, out work thrown up, and scores of visions and camp peo pouring in by an almost stream of mule-teams, thought that at least fo and troops of all sorts w in a day or two.

"The railway station appearance of a milita; pickets outside and so where within.

The Armored Tr

and congested rolling st emergency. Martial law proclaimed in Queensto expected any hour.

"You got out all right misleader, en route for C

"We did, though some ling companions expect have to return via Ba sea. Few passengers u, so we had the first-c the saloon to ourselves. town to Stormberg, exco tives, the country ap deserted. The military r reasons of their own, h from Stormberg; there fore, only the remains a few days ago. As th were only some twenty place, it was thought by point of serious danger. came through all right, past Middleburg and De most of this being cou country with the Boer ranch. De Aar has be military centre. Here 2 a.m., and from then the time of our leaving

Contingents of Moun

hurriedly leaving, appo bent it was impossible tated to see. Had they Salvation warfare thei have been less obscure our order."

"Were there any pro down in the Colony? Co "Yes, from De Aar so ward one saw strong protecting the bridges special risk, includi blondbred and destruct expected at almost a a daylight on the unce ing in the minds of t shoulders the burden c rests, I may say the followed in our wake town to Stormberg."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Kilbey Interviewed on the Situation

The leader of the South African forces had not long returned from his introductory tour in the Eastern Division—where the preparations for war on the part of the British military authorities were becoming more and more formidable—when our Special Correspondent sought and obtained an interview with him for the benefit of War Cry readers.

"Did you catch any glimpses of the war, sir?"

"Well, so far as actual fighting is concerned, of course not; but the signs of war were everywhere to be seen, especially round and about Queenstown, the last place I visited. Here there was clear evidence that we were not very far distant from the line of difficulty. But let me say at the outset that to an ordinary person our experience of the past few days would have been full of the sensational. We landed at Port Elizabeth all right, and had a good time, with a fair share of blessing for soldier, sailor, and slinger; but getting away when our work was done was quite another thing, as we discovered our retreat by rail was cut off, the authorities fearing the

Presence of Boers

at certain important points on the line. However, there was a way open by sea, and so by boat we had to go to East London. Then there were all sorts of rumors and fears as to our being able to get on from King William's Town to Queenstown, none of which, happily, were realized. The latter place was a veritable hive of military activity, the British having selected this as one of their lines. A camp was set, outer works were being thrown up, and scores of tons of provisions and camp necessities were pouring in by an almost continuous stream of mule-towns, and it was thought that at least fourteen thousand troops of all sorts would be there in a day or two.

"The railway station presented the appearance of a military depot, with pickets outside and soldiers everywhere within.

The Armored Train

and congested rolling stock ready for emergency. Martial law had not been proclaimed in Queenstown, but was expected any hour.

"You got out all right by train, Com-missioner, en route for Cape Town?"

"We did, though some of my traveling companions expected we should have to return via East London by sea. Few passengers travelled with us, so we had the first-class section of the saloon to ourselves. From Queenstown to Stormberg, except for the natives, the country appeared almost deserted. The military authorities, for reasons of their own, had just retired from Stormberg; there were, therefore, only the remains of the camp of a few days ago. As the Boer forces were only some twenty miles from this place, it was thought by many to be a point of serious danger. However, we came through all right, as we also did past Middleburg and De Aar Junction, most of this being quite unprotected country with the Boers within easy reach. De Aar has become a strong military centre. Here we arrived at 2 a.m., and from then up to 4 a.m., the time of our leaving, we saw

Contingents of Mounted Forces

hurriedly leaving, upon what duty being it was impossible for the uninitiated to say. Had they been going on Salvation warfare their tactics would have been less obscure to fighters of our order."

"Were there any preparations lower down in the Colony, Commissioner?"

"Yes, from De Aar some miles downward one saw strong military parties protecting the bridges and places of special risk, indicating that more bloodshed and destruction might be expected at almost any moment. As a slight on the uncertainty prevailing in the minds of those on whose shoulders the burden of responsibility rests, I may say the armored train followed in our wake from Queenstown to Stormberg."

"Now, speaking off-hand, Commissioner, what were the lessons this journey taught you from a general standpoint?"

"Well, I make no hesitation in including among them commercial stagnation.

Uncertainty, Unrest, and Risk.

"In order that our British and other comrades across the seas may better comprehend our present position here in South Africa, will you kindly explain, Commissioner, how the war is affecting us—a part of the one great Salvation Army?"

"I reply first by saying, to the credit of South African Salvationists, that many of our dear refugees and other comrades are standing true to God and the Army, bravely fighting on and holding their minds as clear from the exciting and engrossing questions that are engaging the attention of everybody else as much as it is possible for flesh and blood to do; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt the present unhappy condition of affairs has hit, and is still hitting, us very hard. For example, a number of our dear people are in the front of both forces. A greater number still have been compelled to leave their homes and all their belongings, with comfort, if not instant, surroundings, taking up their abode in new places and among fresh faces, in many cases with nothing more than they stood upright in.

"The commercial centres in which they now find themselves are already

Overrun with Labor,

and, consequently, they are utterly unable to get any sort of work, the result being that both they, and their wives and children are, in many cases, suffering severely, and if there be a long prolongation of the struggle their pangs must be acute.

"Under all the distressing circumstances, however, they are bearing up as cheerfully as possible, holding up their heads and keeping a brave heart like true and well-saved Salvationists. How some of them are going to weather the storm to the end, I am unable to say. Of course, most of the towns are so full of excitement that our congregations are suffering, to say nothing of the number of corps that have had to be entirely closed up completely. In important centres like Johannesburg, Pretoria, Kimberley, Pietermaritzburg, and so on. As is pretty well known by this time, practically all our work in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, as well as some places in Cape Colony, is

Entirely Suspended."

At this point our Correspondent had to break off suddenly in his interview with the Commissioner, who was summoned to a meeting of the General Committee of the Refugees Relief Movement (the Mayor's Fund) at the Town House.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

LATEST FROM OUR SOUTH AFRICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Territorial Headquarters.

Cape Town.

November 11th, 1899.

No startling developments in the situation have arisen since my last despatch, unless it be the arrival of the

great bulk of military transports in Table Bay, which is beginning to assume an appearance almost similar to that of the Southampton and Portsmouth waters.

On Saturday, the Commissioner, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, had an interview with the military authorities at the Castle, when the necessary arrangements were made in connection with the despatch of Salvation Army officers for special duty among the troops in the colony. These officers have been carefully selected, and are now on their way to the front.

No further news has yet been received from our two lassie-officers, Ensign Hurley and Capt. Shaw, who are now doing good service in the thick of the struggle at Estcourt. In Natal, from which place only the briefest snippets of official information have been received for some time past. They volunteered their services as nurses, and were accepted as such a week or two ago.

Major Smith and his officers in the Natal and Zululand Division are still fighting on under exceptionally difficult circumstances. Ensign Hendy, of Lewis Settlement, Helmsdrift, with his faithful helpmeet, appears to be surrounded by the noise and din of battle going on in that district. In a letter just to hand from this devoted comrade, he says: "We are in very great danger from the fighting all around us here, and the people are clearing out from every direction. Our Post is cut off, and so are all communications. The Boers are advancing from Dundee."

We Have no Provisions,

and cannot get any. I am trying the cattle again to-day. We cleared on Saturday, but expects to be back again shortly. If we leave we will go by road for Pietermaritzburg or Greytown, but I shan't leave unless I am pushed out. The firing around us is something awful, and the natives are all clearing off. The chance of sending word is presented by a white man passing for Pietermaritzburg from Dundee. All well here so far. Pray for us." This letter will in itself give readers of the War Cry some idea of the difficulty of our situation, and the awkward position in which some of our officers in the more outlying districts are placed.

Another letter comes from Captain Franklin, who had to leave Jim O's home settlement for Vredefort some weeks ago, and when last heard of was holding meetings every evening for the natives, and intended, all being well, to have a Sunday afternoon meeting in the Church Square. By this time it is probable that the Captain is engaged in active service with the ambulance branch, it being understood that, if an opportunity presented itself

To Help the Sick and Dying

in any way, our comrades should make good use of it. Capt. Franklin is an ingenious, energetic, up-to-date officer. In order to secure the safety of the books, furniture, etc., belonging to the corps, he hit upon the plan of burying the same. I refrain from mentioning the "focus in quo," lest a copy of the War Cry containing this letter should get into the hands of the enemy, for our International Thunderer has a marvellously wide circulation, and some of us have seen it in places far removed from civilized communities, and in extraordinary, out-of-the-way corners.

Adj. Murray, Capt. Ashman, and Lieut. Haines and Warriker, the party of officers organized for special duty among the troops in South Africa, duly arrived in Cape Town in the "Durham Castle" on the 14th inst., and were heartily welcomed at the Territorial Headquarters. They commenced operations without delay. Adj. Murray and Lieut. Haines are proceeding to Natal, and Capt. Ashman and Lieut. Warriker to De Aar. More anon.—G. Stevens.

TERSE TOPICS.

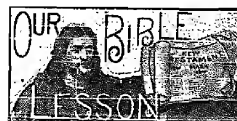
The Top of the World's Hour.

Although the week's news has been but scarce concerning the actual situation of the deplorable war at present in progress in South Africa, considerable interest has been excited by the demand and enlistment of reinforcements for the front. A source of much satisfaction to Great Britain must have been the ready and enthusiastic response with which the Government call for volunteers has been met. It has seemed that thousands of men have been positively eager for the chance of spilling their blood for country's sake.

—/—

Where are Our Volunteers?

If the world can almost at a moment's notice secure so large a number of men who will put patriotism before their own personal interests and safety, how is it that the soldiers of the Cross are so far behind in offering their hearts and devoting their lives to another and a holier war? God help us to learn the lesson that the open page of present-day history reveals to us.



ISRAEL NUMBERED.

Israel was a devastated people. Up till the present the history of God's chosen nation had been signalized by its rapid increase and the longevity of its race. With cruel hate the Egyptians might heap every hardship and cruelty upon them calculated to make life both bitter and short, slaying the children and maltreating the parents, yet their degree of vigor and numbers were the astonishment and despair of their enemies. Persecution seemed to bring down to more bounteous blessing the Divine Hand, which wrought their wonders and vouchsafed preservation and a measure of prosperity under every adverse circumstance.

But what Egyptian cruelty had been too weak to accomplish, the disobedience and faithlessness of their own hearts had wrought.

God had promised them Canaan and prepared the road to it. It might lead through the Red Sea, and by way of the wilderness, but since it was God's Hand that led, there was no fear of missing the way, or of being fatally opposed so long as the sheep were submissive to the Heavenly Shepherd. But the Israelites were to prove that the God Who was so faithful to the performance of His foretold blessings, would be equally just in the carrying out of His punishments.

When they murmured at the thought of Canaan's giants, thereby giving the lie to the faithfulness of God, their Heavenly Guide had said that not one of them should see the Promised Land save the two faithful spies. A deadly pestilence had smitten the camp with disease and death, and the whole generation of doubters had been carried off, with the exception of Caleb and Joshua.

For with God there is no inheritance for disobedience.

The home is the headquarters of the humanities.



HUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

A Dangerous Situation for the Centralians.

FEARS THAT THEY WILL HAVE TO CAPITULATE.

Are they Short of Ammunition?

MAJOR PICKERING'S REPORT LOST

Some Samples of Boomerology.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province - - 84
East Ontario Province - - 84
West Ontario Province - - 82

We have surely fallen on stirring times. No sooner are we through one crisis than another faces us. All our resources of tact, energy, and self-possession are in demand. We must play the man, comrades.

There is consternation in the camp of the Centralians. The forces of East Ontario, under Major Hargrave, have crept up to the very lines. A rush is hourly expected. Though not yet defeated, there are those who hold out small hope for the brave garrison. It is feared that their ammunition is giving out.

To make matters worse, the West Ontario troops, too, are only two miles off. They are full of fight. The loss of their long-possessed supremacy, which was rudely snatched from them a while ago, is a sore point with them. They are determined to get it back. When real fighting commences, we may expect to hear of war in all its horrors.

If the Central Ontario forces are well provisioned and can bring up more ammunition, there are hopes of a successful stand being made against the West Ontario and East Ontario armies.

The honors of the week are with Major Hargrave, who has shown him self a strong man.

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. - Pacific - 47
N.W. - 45
Nfld. - 14
Klondike - 4

Totals - 110

The gallant War Whoop, who has been doing so well lately, has had to succumb to the prowess of Broncho. Two points in favor of Broncho, reads the bulletin. It is doubtful if such a speed can be maintained long.

It grieves me to say that though the whole field was given a week's grace, through the non-appearance of any bouwers' list in the Christmas War Cry, our worthy Eastern folks have failed to send in their list. What shall we say in order to fasten the enormity of the crime on the heads, minds, consciences, and souls of those responsible for this sad affair?

Newfoundland's weekly total is not bad, but, my! how I long to see a tremendous rise. It would add pleasure to my already happy existence if the Pei Colony would only do itself proud!

Mark Twain's advice to a crowd of literary men was, "When in doubt, tell the truth." My advice to all my readers is, "When in the blues, take some War Crys and sell them." I warrant that will lift the cloud. I've proved it!

The following clippings from last week's Cry are worthy of reprinting. They go to show that the science of War Cry boomerology is no dead art in our Territory.

"The next day I went to Burk's Falls by boat, and Capt. Fisher, being on an S-D tour, accompanied me, selling many War Crys to the passengers on the boat." (Ensign Burrows.)

"God continues to bless our War Cry, and in one of the saloons we were asked to sing two of the songs, while one of the men accompanied on the piano. The men listened eagerly, and afterwards gave us a collection. Saturday night at 11 o'clock finds us selling War Crys in the depot during train time, and people eagerly buying them." (Lieut. Bettis, for Capt. Perreault.) (Kallispell.)

"Capt. Thompson still continues to hoon the War Cry. We never have any left for Sunday since he took hold of them. While out selling the other



Ye Gallant Hargrave, of Montreal, Makes a Brave Attempt to Win His Spurs.

day he met a traveller who gave him five for a Cry, and in refusing the change said, "Keep it for the good of the work." (Glouce Bay.)

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Pearce, Temple	100
Mrs. Rawlin, Lisgar St.	80
Lieut. Carwardine, Newmarket	70
Mrs. Busign Wynne, Newmarket	70
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	70
Bro. Ruston, Lisgar St.	61
Lieut. A. Stickells, Meaford	60
Capt. Brant, Richmond St.	60
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt	60
Capt. Charlton, Barrie	51
Mrs. Mellock, Temple	50
Bro. Evelyn, Oshawa	50
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
Lieut. Greavett, North Bay	50
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	48
Lieut. Cooper, Chesley	40
Capt. White, Riverside	40
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	40
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	40
Capt. Nelson, Brampton	40

Capt. Capper, Faversham	45
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	44
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville	40
Lieut. Bone, Huntsville	40
Father Dixon, Temple	40
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Collingwood	38
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	38
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	35
Adj. Moore, Hamilton I.	35
Capt. Bonnetto, Owen Sound	35
Bro. Tuck, Lisgar St.	35
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	35
Capt. Haskinson, Midland	34
Lieut. Stickells, Midland	34
Cadet Bishop, Temple	33
Cadet Groombridge, Temple	33
Capt. Lott, Omemece	33
Capt. Banks, Hamilton I.	33
Cadet Hoole, Lippincott	32
Cadet Patenden, Lippincott	31
Mrs. Lighthouse, Hamilton	29
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Capt. Rennie, Orillia	30
Capt. Connors, Dundas	30
Capt. Gammidge, Dundas	30
Capt. L. Jago, Barrie	30
Capt. Alecks, Brooklin	29
Cadet Christopher, Lippincott	28
Capt. Darrach, Feulon Falls	26
Lieut. Paxton, Gravenhurst	25

Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket	20
Bro. Dault, Sudbury	20
Maggie Carden, Yorkville	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Langford, Ottawa	170
Sergt-Major Perkins, Barrie	122
Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	120
Mrs. Busign Jones, Picton	100
Ensign Staigers, Gananoque	100
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	105
Capt. Mumford, St. Albans	100
Cadet Hicks, St. Albans	97
Capt. Young, St. Johnsbury	90
Capt. McNaney, St. Johnsbury	90
Lieut. Ash, Morrisburg	80
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Burth, Brockville	80
Capt. French, Kingston	80
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	80
Lieut. Vandaw, Brockville	78
Treas. Gillin, Renfrew	65
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	65
S. M. Simons, Kingston	63
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	60
Ensign Ward, Kingston	60
Lieut. Norman, Millbrook	60
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope	60
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	60
Capt. Brown, Burlington	60
Capt. Pitcher, Arnprior	51
Capt. Green, Perth	55
Lieut. Almarck, Belleville	53
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	52
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	50
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	50
Lieut. Long, Cobourg	50
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg	50
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	50
Bro. Moore, Montreal I.	50
Sergt. Richards, Montreal I.	50
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	48
Lieut. Liddle, Campbellford	48
Lieut. Croser, Napanee	48
Capt. Tyne, Pembroke	45
Capt. Randall, Pembroke	45
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	45
Bro. Wilbur, Barre	45
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Capt. Downey, Montreal II.	45
Capt. Jones, Montreal II.	45
Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	40
Lieut. McEwan, Kemptville	40
Capt. Beardsell, Tweed	40
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	40
Sergt. Coggin, Kingston	40
Capt. Gross, Trenton	38
Capt. Carter, Port Hope	35
Capt. Crego, Kemptville	35
Ensign Jones, Picton	33
Mrs. Hippen, Montreal II.	33
Lieut. Newell, Peterboro	32
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	32
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	31
Capt. Dawson, Canisouse	30
Lieut. Cook, Coalbrook	30
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	30
Sister Robertson, Barre	30
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Yake, Peterboro	27
Mrs. Veal, Barre	26
Mrs. Hazel, Sherbrooke	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Mrs. Green, Perth	25
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	25
Sister McCord, Ottawa	22
Ensign Sims, Barre	22
Capt. Vance, Bloomfield	22
Bro. Duquett, Trenton	20
Sister Westworth, Kingston	20
Mrs. Capt. Beardsell, Tweed	20
Capt. Mitchell, Sudbury	20
Capt. Brown, Burlington	20
Ensign Verex, Montreal II.	20
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	20
Sister Robinson, Perth	20
Sister Berry, Quebec	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

82 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, London	180
Lieut. Ringler, Windsor	151
Ensign Gamble, Brantford	151
S. M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	150
Capt. Burrows, St. Thomas	125
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	125
Capt. Stitzer, Woodstock	112
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe	108
Lieut. Cook, Tillamburg	103
Capt. Freeman, Stratford	87
Lieut. Crawford, Goderich	74
Ensign McLeod, Galt	71
Annie Wright, Ingersoll	60
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	60
Capt. Coe, Sarnia	61
Ensign Scott, Wallaceburg	50
Sister M. Allan, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Schwartz, Galt	60
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Stratford	50
Capt. Hollett, Peespeka	55
Capt. Haley, Paris	55
Capt. Green, Stratford	52
Ensign Scott, Stratford	50
Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim	50
Capt. Hancock, Guelph	50
Ensign Collier, Listowel	50
Lieut. Kitchen, Midgetown	50
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	50

Two Stra...

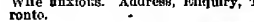
Francis B...
Lieut. Win...
Capt. Ghes...
Capt. Hoch...
Lieut. Mal...
Lieut. Simp...
Eva Simp...
Mrs. Rich...
Lieut. Har...
Capt. Carr...
Sergt. G...
Lillie Robi...
Sergt. F...
Lieut. Hor...
Lieut. Bea...
Adj. McH...
Bro. Whit...
Adj. McA...
Sergt. F...
Capt. Pyn...
Mrs. Grab...
Mrs. Adj...
Mrs. Dr. G...
Ina Groom...
Capt. Whit...
Maud Dur...
Capt. Math...
Sec. Harri...
Capt. How...
Sister Plei...
Mother Cu...
Lieut. Edw...
Carrie Mc...
Corps Cade...
P. S. M. V...
S. M. Rose...
Bro. May...
Lillie Clos...
Capt. Hun...
Sergt. Mrs...
Capt. Jary...
Bro. Chri...
Ensign Ste...
Mrs. Ensi...
Ensign M...
Capt. Coy...
Capt. Mel...
Adj. Blac...
Stanley B...
Sister Hec...
Annie Wh...
Corps Cade...
Mrs. Livin...
Capt. Bur...

Sergt. Gle...
Cadet John...
Mrs. Capt...
Mrs. Adj...
Lieut. Lou...
Mrs. Capt...
Ada Lewi...
Lieut. Pat...
Capt. Kre...
Lieut. Ber...
Capt. Goo...
Capt. Wai...
Mrs. No...
Lieut. Mo...
Sister Sam...
Bro. Mood...
Lieut. Bet...
Ensign J...
Capt. Mil...
Capt. Nol...
Capt. Per...
Lieut. Ga...
Lieut. Fio...
Adj. Stev...
Capt. Scot...
Adj. Wo...
Sister W...
Mrs. Adj...
Sister Cor...
Capt. Bea...
Nellie Fox...
Capt. Art...
Sister A...
Lieut. Ne...
Lieut. Sou...
Henry P...
Sister Ma...
Lillie Co...
Ensign Co...
Sister Mo...
Mrs. Haw...
Bro. Hag...
Lieut. Sal...

.....

Two Strathroy War Cry Boomers

er. I thanked her and went away thinking I was well paid.





A Full Deliverance.

Tunes.—Oh, for a thousand tongues (B. J. 169); Covenant (B. J. 21); Conference (B. J. 75); Jesus now I passing by (B. J. 108).

1 Oh, that the Fire from heaven might fall
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining Fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour Thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.

'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through Thy Blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Washed Whiter than Snow.

Tune.—Lord Jesus, I long (B. J. 56).
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.

2 I want Thee for ever to reign in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.
Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,
Apply thine own Blood and remove every stain;
To get this blest washing I all things forego,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Lord Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Trim Your Lamps.

3 Rejoice, ye saints, the time draws near
When Christ shall in the clouds appear,
And for His people call.

Chorus.
Trim your lamps and be ready,
For the midnight cry.

The trumpet sounds, the thunders roll,
The heavens passing as a scroll,
The earth will burn with fire.

Poor sinners then on earth will cry
(While lightning's flashing from the sky),
"O mountains, on no fall!"

Yes, sinners then as earth will burn,
To ashes will their bodies turn;
The saints will shout with joy.

The Return of the Prodigal.

Tune.—The prodigal's coming home (B. J. 61).

4 Jesus comes and calls for thee,
Now He longs to set thee free
From the cruel yoke of slavery
and sin.
He has called thee off before,
And has opened wide the door,
To receive the guilty wandering sinner in.

Chorus.

Oh, the prodigal's coming home,
Coming home no more to roam;
He's weary wand'ring far away from home.
He is seeking his Father's face,
He is longing for His grace,
Oh, the prodigal's coming home, coming home.

Thou hast hardened long thy heart,
And wouldst not consent to part
With thy own besetting sins and idols dear;
But again thy Saviour's voice
Bids thee haste to make thy choice.
Come, accept His offered grace and pardon here!

Sinner, wilt thou still refuse,
And this wondrous love abuse,
Till thou hear the Master's voice proclaim "No room"?
Nay, but let the cry be heard—
"Now to Thee, my loving Lord,
Will I listen as a weary wanderer home!"

The Precious Blood of Jesus.

Tunes.—Hark, the voice (B. J. 51); Blessed Jesus (B. J. 45).

5 Blood that flows for every nation,
Precious Blood of Calvary!
Blood to save from condemnation,
Blood to give us liberty.
Blood of Jesus, Blood of Jesus,
From the foulest stains can free!

Blood, backslider, though a rebel,
And thy sins as crimson be,
Precious Blood to save is able—
Yes, a substitute like thee!
Blood of Jesus, Blood of Jesus,
There to-day for refuge flee.

Blood to make us pure and holy,
Blood to make us white as snow,
Blood to make us triumph fully,
Blood our foes shall overthrow.
Blood of Jesus, Blood of Jesus,
Keep us 'neath Thy cleansing flow.

Come, Sinner.

Tune.—Out on the ocean sailing (B. J. 227).

6 Sinner, we are sent to bid you
To the Gospel feast to-day;
Will you slight the invitation?
Will you, can you yet delay?

Chorus.

Leave, oh, leave your sin and sorrow;
Do not wait until to-morrow;
Now your Saviour kindly calls you—
Come, poor sinner, come away.

Come, oh, come, all things are ready,
To your Saviour's bosom fly;
Leave the worthless world behind you;
Seek for pardon, or you die.

What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can tell?
What are all its boasted treasures
To a soul when lost in hell?

A Favorite Solo.

7 There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! No, not one!
None else can heal the soul's diseases,
No, not one! No, not one!

Chorus.

Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! No, not one!

There's not a Friend so high and holy,
No, not one! No, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! No, not one!

Did e'er a saint know this Friend for a sake him?
No, not one! No, not one!
Or sinner find He would not take him?
No, not one! No, not one!

There's not an hour that He is not with us,
No, not one! No, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! No, not one!

Was e'er a friend like the Saviour given?
No, not one! No, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! No, not one!

A Voice from Hades.

"For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment," (Luke xiv. 23).

The wicked believe in the convicting power of Holy Ghost testimony. Lives begged that Lazarus be sent to witness to his unsaved brothers, and warn them of the awful doom which the unsaved meet the moment they stop breathing; but it is divinely declared that those who reject the testimonies of the living would not be convinced by those of the dead.

FOR ADOPTION.



Little Amy.

Three months old, blue eyes, dark hair. For adoption in a Christian home. Write to Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple Toronto.

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Converted at Ladysmith.

HOW A LANCER BECAME A SALVATIONIST.

"Some people think," says Signaller Donald Snowdon, of the 9th Lancers, "that the only way to get recruits for Christ is to get them into a meeting, shut the door, threaten them with the judgment to come, pray for the mercy of God to still spare them, and so work upon their feelings that they will cry for mercy. What a mistake this is! A notion which sets at naught the power of God to work in the heart of man and convict him of his sin and of his need of a Saviour."

"When I was in Ladysmith (Signaller Snowdon is now in South Africa again), which you know is situated about half way between Pietermaritzburg and Johannesburg, there was no corps nearer than at these two towns, yet in that place I became a Salvationist."

"It happened like this. I was in hospital, and at the time was

Isolated on Suspicion of Infection,

which proved incorrect, and while I was in there alone, a conviction came upon me that I was living in a world full of sin and corruption, with thousands around me working to save by the power of a Saviour, and a stream that could cleanse the vilest. These people seemed to pass before me in procession, carrying salvation to the darkest corners of the earth, to the slums of great cities, to the heathen, to the masses of almost every nation under the sun, to the miners in far-off Klondike, and at last, but not least, to the soldiers in the barracks-room. I seemed to see how large a part of this crowd were Salvationists—that despised body which, seventeen years ago, I took such delight in seeing mobbed by the Skeleton Army in Hammar-smith!

"Lying there, thinking about it all, it was borne in upon me that there were thousands fighting

While I was Languishing,

and there and then I was convicted that I ought to be a soldier of Christ, in the Salvation Army. It was no meeting, you see, dear Major, but the conviction of the Spirit of God, and now I realize my responsibility and look to Him for grace to help me to be steadfast. Some day I may be able to fight in some corps of that Army I once so despised.

"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." How true that has proved in the Army's case. How many of its best men and women were once its bitterest enemies! May God turn many more bitter hearts, and make of them fighting soldiers for Jesus, our great Leader and King!"

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVISE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY INTEREST?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, OR

LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR

MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissionaire is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Hamilton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, a small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.